

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 20, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

THIS YEAR'S PHENOM

Kansas City's
Clint Hurdle



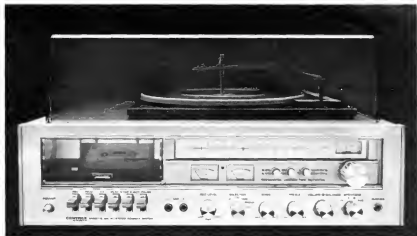
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Next Week

THOSE TWO TOM TERRIFICS, Watson and Westcott, will try to give Jack Nicklaus a double dose of birdies and eagles as the pros stage their Tournament Players Championship at Florida's Sawgrass. Dan Jenkins reports from oostside

REMEMBER WHATSHERNAME? Oh, yes, Chris Evert, that's it! Used to play tennis, right? Well, after four months away from the game she's in Boston for a tournament—and a probable meeting with Martina. Sarah Pleggi is at courtide

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SCORECARD

Edited by WALTER BINGHAM

KING, BUT NO KING

As the proposed Leon Spinks-Muhammad Ali fight winds its farcical way from BophuthaTswana to Mauritius to whither next, a basic misconception has arisen. It is that if Ali realized that BophuthaTswana (mercifully known as Boff) was a puppet regime set up by South Africa to perpetuate apartheid or that South African money was behind the fight, whether it be staged in Boff or Mauritius, he would not set foot in either country. "It is inconceivable that Muhammad Ali could accept South African money," said a black South African expatriate. And Charles Lomax, Ali's attorney, said, "If people like the NAACP say it would not be in the best interests of black Americans, we won't fight there. We are going to be responsive to valid concerns because that's what Ali stands for."

Well, maybe. Ali is praiseworthy on many counts, but this is hardly one of them. For example, in 1972, after having acquiesced to the desires of black African nations and canceled a fight in South Africa, Ali engaged in some naive and self-indulgent finger-wagging. "I don't think it's fair for me," he said, "to turn down some \$400,000 or \$500,000 to personally sacrifice for them and their causes without them doing something. Like if we have another Attica case, I want those African nations to stand up for us here... The next time something big happens to black people in this country and all those African and Moslem nations don't speak up for us, after we stood up for them. I'm going to tell them what they can do, and I'm going over there to South Africa and have a great time."

Nor is Ali a black Gene McCarthy, as many of his admirers hold him up to be. He refused to go into the Army in 1967 not because he thought the Vietnam war immoral, but because at that time Black Muslims tried to avoid service, claiming they had no truck with wars that weren't waged against enemies of Allah, and be-

cause the Muslims convinced Ali that some cracker sergeant would try to kill him in an "accident" on the grenade range. The celebrated quote—"I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs"—was wheeled out of him by persistent reporters.

For the most part, Ali developed his anti-war—as opposed to anti-induction or pro-Ali—stance when he picked up vibrations from audiences on college campuses where he gave speeches while he was unjustly prevented from fighting for a living. Similarly, he does not have the selflessness or fixity of purpose to be an effective advocate of civil rights, a role that has been thrust upon him by his adulators and one that is largely the result of wishful thinking.

This is not to belittle Ali, who in several other conspicuous ways is, indeed, The Greatest. But as Julian Bond, of all people, wrote years ago: "Look at that gal shake that thing/Everybody can't be Martin Luther King."

SWIFT JUSTICE

One thing the three youths trying to burglarize the downstairs apartment in New London, Conn. failed to consider was the man living upstairs. As they fled with stereo equipment, they heard someone yelling for them to stop. When they did not, the chase began.

Through snowdrifts, across backyards and over fences, Ambrose Burfoot pursued one of the thieves. "I kept shouting, 'I'm gonna catch you, I'm gonna catch you,'" says Burfoot. "I didn't have time to tell him who I was."

Burfoot, 31, was the winner of the 1967 ICA cross-country title and the 1968 Boston Marathon. On the day of the burglary he was home for lunch, watching his infant son while his wife jogged with the family dog, when he heard suspicious noises downstairs. Burfoot, who like most addicted runners generally wears running shoes, finally caught up with the culprit after about half a mile. He turned him over to the police, who

later caught his partners in the break-in.

Says Burfoot, "I considered it a personal affront that they thought they could escape from my house on foot."

ANIMAL QUACKERS

Ogden Nash, deciding that man must look pretty strange to a hippopotamus, once concluded:

*Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!
We really look all right to us.
As you no doubt delight the eye
Of other hippopotamu*

Now we have Charley Roshger of Beaumont, Texas, deciding that man's view of the duck is decidedly not a duck's view of a duck. Decoys, he feels, are absurd, at least from a duck's point of view.



which is flying over them. The problem is there are no feet showing.

"The hunter is looking at them from the wrong angle," says Roshger. "From a duck's-eye view it's amazing how well you see the feet. Feet on decoys will take a little bit of the wariness away from the naturally wild duck."

Roshger has tested his theory. He made some feet out of rubber, attached them to decoys and lent decoys to a number of friends.

"One group put a dozen decoys with feet on one side of a blind and decoys without feet on the other," he says. "Every duck walked was on the feet side."

And so Roshger has gone into business.

continued

ness—he calls it “Fowl Feet”—producing duck feet that cost \$13 for two dozen. When he gets into full production, he expects business to boom, but so far sales have been modest. Presumably too many hunters feel he’s a quack.

GYP

At least one season ticket-holder of the Los Angeles Rams, still unhappy about having to lay out money for two exhibition games as well as the eight regular home games—take it or leave it, buddy—is upset again, because now he must shell out an additional \$12 for an 11th game in Los Angeles, the Pro Bowl, a dreary postseason affair that has little to do with Rams football.

When asked if this was not a bit greedy, the NFL office explained that the same conditions applied for Tampa Bay and Seattle fans, where the Pro Bowl was held the past two years. What is happening is that the Pro Bowl is being rotated among warm-weather or enclosed-arena sites—and by NFL policy added to the season-ticket bite.

HATING RECRUITERS

Every football fan knows how the pros do in the draft, but Joe Terranova of Dearborn, Mich. keeps an eye on how colleges do in recruiting. Terranova is a marketing researcher for the Ford Motor Co., and for kicks he keeps in touch with recruiters across the country and watches more than 500 high school game films a year.

For each of the past three years, Terranova has written a story for *The Patriot-News* in Harrisburg, Pa. on which colleges land the top football prospects, and last week he offered his 1978 coast-to-coast rundown.

Southern Cal rates No. 1 in recruiting, which is not unusual. The Trojans cleaned up on quarterback recruits. They got George Ponce, “the best prep QB in Southern California,” plus Scott Tinsley, “the top quarterback in Oklahoma,” who passed for nearly 4,000 yards in high school. What’s more, Terranova says, “USC’s interior line picks could play Tampa Bay to a standoff.”

Texas is second in Terranova’s ratings. The Longhorns’ A. J. Jones, of Youngstown, Ohio, is the “best running back in the country,” and Rod Tate is “a super flyer smuggled out of Beggs, Okla.”

Other ratings:

3. Tennessee: “The last time a land

army the size and quality of Tennessee’s was assembled, the Allies hit the beach at Anzio.”

4. Penn State: “It is rumored [Linebacker Chet] Parlavecchio [from South Orange, N.J.] once challenged a school of porpoises to a game of water polo and won.”

5. Michigan: “Succeeded in recruiting the top three linemen in Ohio.”

6. Notre Dame: “The most highly touted fullback in the country, Pete Buchanan [from Plymouth, Ind.], will be a welcomed addition.”

7. Stanford: “Kevin Bates [from Cincinnati], Ohio’s Defensive Lineman of the Year, miked despite pleas from Michigan and Ohio State.”

8. UCLA: Jim Turner (from Sherman, Texas), rated the best defensive back in his state, “is one of the Bruins’ top grabs.”

9. Ohio State: “Art Schlachter [from Washington Courthouse, Ohio] is a living 17-year-old legend. Check his stats: 6,957 yards total offense, 4,397 passing and 1,660 rushing.”

10. SMU: “We thought our crystal ball had short-circuited when it registered SMU. Not so. The Mustangs can stack their line prospects up with anyone’s, except Michigan’s.”

BY-BY BOOTY

Late in January, John Havlicek shocked no one by announcing that this, his 16th season in the NBA, was to be his last. The Celtics’ star had already played in more league games than anyone else, and on his farewell tour of NBA cities he adds to that record while giving fans one last chance to say goodbye. Never before has a player retired in 23 different arenas and received such a variety of gifts.

Here is a sampling of Havlicek’s booty. From the champion Trail Blazers came a set of Gerber carving knives and a fly rod. The mayor of New Orleans proclaimed a day in his honor and the Jazz handed him a gold key chain with a referee’s whistle attached. Promotion-minded Atlanta held a Havlicek banner contest, the winning fan earning the honor of presenting Hondo a plaque with a shamrock at the top and No. 17 across the middle. At Rick Barry’s suggestion, the Golden State players gave him a money clip with the Celtic logo, while the Warner broadcasters presented him with a radio microphone used by Jack Benny—presumably because Havlicek will be 39 next year. Some Ohio State team-

mates surprised him with a rocking chair. Indiana gave him a La-Z-Boy recliner, and K.C. a whirlpool bath.

So far, however, no team has given Hondo what he wants most, an outboard motor. Of course there are still seven out-of-town stops left. NBA clubs can thank Havlicek for hyping the game by \$10,000 to \$20,000 with each farewell appearance, and with found money like that, surely one can spring for the motor.

BOGEY FOR BEMAN

The PGA announced the nether day that the \$100,000 Buick-Goodwrench (no kidding) Open would be held in Flint, Mich. on June 15-18. Fine, except that in Denver on those same dates another golf tournament will be held—the U.S. Open. Why in the world would Mr. Goodwrench want to go up against the most important tournament of the year?

“It’s not the most desirable date on the calendar,” concedes Jerry Radeout, a spokesman for the Flint event, “but we didn’t have much choice.”

More intriguing is why Deane Beman, commissioner of the touring pros, would permit an event to conflict with the U.S. Open. Here’s why. Beman, an extremely aggressive administrator, has no control over golf’s four major tournaments—the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA—and this rankles him. He has therefore tried to offset their prestige by creating his own major tournaments, such as this week’s TPC, an event for touring pros only, and the expanded World Series. Nothing wrong with this. But he has also sought to undermine the Big Four by scheduling a designated tournament the week after the British Open, forcing the pros to hustle back to the States.

It is no secret that Beman has tried to get USGA officials to ease the U.S. Open’s exemption standards so that fewer touring pros have to qualify. The USGA has resisted him and this has not made Beman happy. In this light, Mr. Goodwrench on June 15-18 can be seen as a silly attempt to divert attention from the Open. And that’s a bad deal.

THEY SAID IT

• Chi-Chi Rodriguez, discussing Jack Nicklaus’ infrequent tournament appearances: “He’s the only golfer in history who has become a living legend in his spare time.”

END



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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 20, 1979

GOING ALL OUT

Kansas and Paul Mokabbi were formidable hurdles, but Roy Hamilton and UCLA drove toward St. Louis with a come-from-behind effort.



AND WIDE OPEN

UCLA and Kentucky won and Marquette and New Mexico were upset in the first round of an NCAA tournament in which most anybody might cut down the nets

by KENT HANNON

These NCAA guys wouldn't know a basketball team if they saw one. Marquette Coach Hank Raymonds said when he saw the tournament pairings, which had his defending champions headed for a Midwest Regional showdown with No. 1 Kentucky. "Common sense has to come into this. When you seed teams, you supposedly do it so the so-called powers do not knock each other off and can make it to the finals. This is ridiculous."

There always has been controversy over which of the non-conference schools should get NCAA bids and where teams should be bracketed. But this year the outcry was shriller than ever, as the NCAA selection committee crammed eight of the nation's Top 10-ranked teams into the Midwest and West regions, including all four that have been ranked No. 1 during a most unpredictable season—North Carolina, Kentucky, Marquette and Arkansas. This overloaded the bottom half of the draw, which includes the Midwest and West teams, and made it extremely difficult for any of those schools to reach next week's semifinals in St. Louis, where the prize money for the four survivors should surpass last year's figure of \$215,282.55 per team.

Raymonds was right when he said the Warriors got a bad draw; he was just mistaken about the reason, because in a first-round game played in Indianapolis last Saturday, Miami of Ohio knocked Marquette out of the tournament with a stunning 84-81 overtime victory. The Miami upset was the first score reported across the country on Saturday afternoon, but before the day was over three other reputed powers had been eliminated. Kansas led most of the way in its game against UCLA in Eugene, Ore., eventually losing 83-76 because of an imbalance in fouls (40 to 14) and the scoring of Brian

continued

Florida State warmed all over Kentucky and Jimmie Lee at the beginning, but the Wildcats played back.



Guards Roy Hamilton (23 points) and Raymond Townsend (22). In Tempe, Ariz., San Francisco jumped out to a 21-8 lead over slumping North Carolina, then had to rally to win 68-64 as Center Bill Cartwright (23 points, 11 rebounds and six assists) outscored the Tar Heels' Phil Ford, who hit only seven of 21 shots in his final college game. And New Mexico, considered a threat to win it all because the West Regional will be held on the Lobos' home court in Albuquerque, will have to watch from the stands after falling to Cal State-Fullerton 90-85.

The only two Top 10 teams in the upper half of the bracket were in the Midwest. Notre Dame beat Houston 100-77 and DePaul defeated Creighton 80-78. Thus, by Sunday night—before a single regional game had been played—the touted strength of the tournament had been cut nearly in half.

Upsets notwithstanding, the problem the six-man selection committee faced in seeing that enough Top 10 teams made it to the regional finals was twofold. First, half a dozen regular-season conference powerhouses—North Carolina, Arkansas, Florida State, Kansas, Providence and Syracuse—failed to win their respective postseason tournaments. This demanded a juggling job by the committee, which, according to an NCAA edict, had to place those tournament losers in brackets that would keep them from playing the winners until the finals. Secondly, the top-seeded independent in each region, as judged by record and strength of schedule, was purposely kept in its own geographic region. With 21 conference slots locked in since last summer, according to five-year records in NCAA tournament play, very few options remained. So four athletic directors and two conference commissioners got together in a smoke-filled room in Mission, Kans. to position the 32 teams.

Actually the room wasn't smoke-filled because only Andy Geiger of Penn is a smoker and he held his cigarettes to a minimum. And contrary to what its critics claim, the selection committee didn't exactly finger next week's winner, Kentucky, UCLA, Notre Dame and Duke should still play out that little drama in St. Louis' Checkerdome.

"I think we're going to have to take a long look at our procedures," said Tom Jeremst of the NCAA. "Teams like Marquette and Kentucky should never

have to meet before the finals of the regional."

Now they won't. The Warriors' loss to Miami was as unexpected as last year's seminafinal victory and the result of each game pivoted upon a controversial play involving Center Jerome Whitehead. Whitehead was the hero of Marquette's 1977 win over UNC-Charlotte when he made a disputed last-second layup (Was it offensive goaltending? Did it beat the buzzer?) to pull out a 51-49 victory and send the Warriors to the finals. This time the decision went against Whitehead, who was called for a flagrant foul and ejected from the game with Marquette leading 68-58 and only 3:38 left. In trying to clear a defensive rebound, Whitehead elbowed Redskin Guard John Shoemaker in the face. Shoemaker fell to the floor where he lay stunned for two minutes. Referee Peter Pavia sent Whitehead to the bench, and in the ensuing argument in which Raymonds claimed that the blow was unintentional, the coach got hit with his first technical of the season.

Miami made three of the four free-throw attempts and scored on its out-of-bounds possession, and Marquette's lead was halved. Shoemaker, a fine baseball prospect who was due at the Los Angeles Dodgers' camp in Vero Beach, Fla. the next day, then scored twice from left field to help tie the score at 75. Marquette All-America Butch Lee, the game's high scorer with 27 points, made a basket that was disallowed at the end of regulation time, and Miami went on to win. "I don't think our conference should have to play Marquette every year in the NCAAs," said Miami Coach Darrell Hedrick, "but this one turned out to be a clause, didn't it?"

Kentuckians must think it was a classic break now that the Wildcats have survived a scare by Florida State and can once again concentrate on being a tournament favorite. For their 85-76 come-from-behind victory UK fans can thank Coach Joe B. Hall. Behind 39-32 at half-time and becoming aware that his power-oriented starting lineup could not keep pace with the fast-breaking Seminoles, Hall benched starters Rick Robey, Jack Givens and Truman Claytor and replaced them with three quick scrubs—Dwane Casey, Lavon Williams and Freddie Cowan. The difference in speed between the two teams disappeared, and when Williams jammed in a rebound with 12:52 left, Kentucky trailed only 45-44. From that point on Guard Kyle Macy was

the key. During a streak of 14 unanswered points that gave the Wildcats a 62-53 lead they never relinquished, Macy made a basket-saving defensive play, sank a long jumper and converted a three-point play.

The final margin was convincing, considering how well Florida State had played. Yet it pointed out the fact that Kentucky can be had if the tempo is fast enough and demonstrated that the Wildcats haven't developed into the overpowering team everyone expected them to be this year. "I just wasn't getting the effort I wanted out of our starters," said Hall. "I decided if we were going to get beat, I'd rather it would be with guys who can burn rubber."

Kentucky should be tested by Michigan State in the finals of the Midwest Regional in Dayton. The Spartans, 10-17 a year ago, ran their record to 24-4 with a 77-63 win over Providence, as Forward Greg Kelser scored 23 points and grabbed 11 rebounds. Michigan State should get by Western Kentucky, which upset Syracuse 87-86 in overtime when Forward Marty Byrnes missed a one-and-one free throw with three seconds left. Earvin Johnson, Michigan State's spec-



Marquette led by 10 with 3:38 remaining when

tacular 6' 8" point guard, played on a sore ankle against Providence but scored 14 points and looked more like a Harlem Globetrotter than a college freshman while handing out seven assists.

The West Regional is wide open, Cal State-Fullerton, the third-place finisher in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association during the regular season, saw to that by beating New Mexico. The Titans held the Lobos' red-hot Marvin Johnson to 15 points while getting a total of 82 from Forwards Kevin Heenan (22) and Greg Bunch (18). Guard Keith Anderson (23) and Reserve Mike Nales (19). Without New Mexico waiting at the Pit, UCLA should prevail. To get to the final four the Bruins must find a way to handle Arkansas' three 6' 4" leapers—Sidney Moncrief, Ron Brewer and Marvin Delph—who had a field day in the Razorbacks' 73-52 win over Weber State in Eugene. Of course, Arkansas will have a problem of its own trying to match up against the taller Bruins of Coach Gary Cunningham. "It's pretty hard to tell Gary's team from mine," John Wooden said recently of his former assistant. And while this is no Bill Walton-type juggernaut, the kind that

swept through the NCAA tournament when the finals were held in St. Louis five years ago, Cunningham, like Wooden, has his team playing fundamentals, just the way Wooden's did.

For Notre Dame's Digger Phelps this is a unique opportunity to prove that he can do more than beat UCLA on national TV. Despite having superb players during his six-year career in South Bend—some of whom turned pro just when he needed them most—Phelps has never taken a team to the final four. Now the Irish have their best draw.

Duke, favored in that forgotten regional, the East, could surprise Notre Dame, but first will have to contend with Penn and a streaking Bobby Knight team from Indiana. Duke barely got by Rhode Island 63-62, depriving the Rams of a home-court advantage this week in Providence.

Indiana survived another stormy season under Bobby T., bouncing back from a 2-5 conference record to tie Minnesota for second place in the Big Ten. Along the way Knight stopped giving postgame interviews to the press, preferring instead to send publicist Kit Klingelhofer around with a mimeo-

graphed sheet of the coach's thoughts.

Whether or not Knight's team makes it to St. Louis, his influence will be felt there because the games will be played on Indiana's home floor. It seems that the NCAA made a special request for Knight to inspect the playing floor at the Checkerdome, which is primarily used for hockey. Knight found the existing basketball surface unsuitable. So next Monday the Assembly Hall floor in Bloomington will be dismantled and shipped to St. Louis on two 40-foot semi-trailer trucks.

Obviously, this is an unusual tournament. For the second straight year, following a succession of UCLA's, NC State and Indiana's, there is no truly dominant team in the field, or in the country, for that matter. Likewise, there is not a single player remaining in the tournament listed among the top 30 scorers in the nation. College basketball at the top has become almost exclusively a team game these days, and no one man figures to get his team out of trouble in St. Louis the way a Walton or David Thompson might have in the past. In a sense, everybody in the tournament is a dark horse at this point. Even Kentucky. **END**



Whitehead (54) began fouling elbows Miami's Shoemaker (12) went for the ball and got floored. Result: Whitehead's ejection and the Warriors' defeat.

FLYERS, THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING

Back from an injury, Philadelphia's man of macho, Bobby Clarke, woke up the Broad Street Bullies with Stanley Cup rhetoric and led them to four victories

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAREY MELLAN

The Philadelphia Flyers wiped out a couple of their many worries last week. The first was that the Flyers no longer liked to hit anybody. That one was put to rest by rugged Right Wing Gary Dornhoefer, a charter member of the Broad Street Bullies, at the Flyer Fan Club's annual appreciation dinner, an event attended by players, wives and 350 ardent rooters at a restaurant in suburban Cherry Hill, N.J. The high point of the evening came when Dornhoefer stepped forward and called everybody's attention to the upcoming 50th birthday of the fan club's president, a gent in a green leisure suit named Lou Dornia. Then Dornhoefer wickedly threw a cake in Lou's face. "Well, a hit's a hit, right?"

Meanwhile a more pressing concern—the Flyers' leadership crisis—was eased by the return to action of Captain Bobby Clarke, who had sat out three weeks with a double fracture of the left thumb. It was the longest layoff in Clarke's nine-year NHL career. During his nine-game absence the Flyers won four, lost four and tied one, perpetuating a two-month-long slump in which they had slipped to second place in the Patrick Division behind the New York Islanders and to fifth in the NHL's overall standings. Just when it looked as though Clarke would never return to rescue the floundering Flyers, there he was—elbows up, stick up, dander up—flashing across the Spectrum ice and discounting suggestions that the Broad Street Bullies had degenerated into just another hockey team.

"We're not finished yet," Clarke vowed. "Our goal is to win the Stanley Cup again, and I honestly think we can do it."

To fulfill that objective, however, the Flyers must reverse the gradual slide they have been in since winning their second straight cup in 1975. They were the big bad Flyers in those not-so-distant days, but some of the sting has plainly gone out of them. They reached the Stanley Cup finals in 1976 but were routed in four games by the Montreal Canadiens. Last year they made it only to the semifinals before losing—again in four straight—to Boston. This season the Flyers got off to the best start in the NHL

When the combative Clarke (center) skates into the fray, the Flyers follow the leader—or else

and boasted a 21-4-4 record in mid-December. Then came the tailspin.

The Flyers have won only 17 of their last 37 games, and their record is a merely respectable 39-17-11. Worse still, the team that once led the Islanders by seven points now trails them by seven. Particularly worrisome, too, is Philadelphia's season-long futility against the NHL's best—Montreal, Boston, Buffalo, the Islanders and Toronto. Until they beat the Bruins 6-2 Saturday afternoon at the Spectrum, the Flyers had won just one of their 16 games against those five rivals—a 6-4 home-ice victory over the Bruins back on Dec. 15.

The Flyers' skid has raised alarms in Philadelphia. The team still routinely sells all 17,077 seats at the Spectrum, but its sometimes desultory play has brought out the boo birds and inspired signs like one that appeared last week: **WE'RE REALLY BALLERS NOW—WE ONLY BEAT THE LITTLE TEAMS.** At the same time, the Flyer from office has noticed a decline in hate mail from other cities, indicating that the club no longer makes rivals' blood boil. Meanwhile, Philadelphia's four papers dutifully probe the burning issue of the day: What's wrong with the Flyers?

One answer is that they are victims of their own success. In winning back-to-back Stanley Cups, the Flyers got spectacular goaltending from Bernie Parent and Pattonese leadership from Clarke but were otherwise a modestly talented crew kept in trim by Coach Fred Shero. Shero had the Flyers hustling, hitting and adhering to his disciplined "system," the unfortunate term for a grind-'em-down style in which free-lancing was out, executing assignments was in. Today, aping the Flyers, other teams grind 'em down, too, and everybody, of course, has a system. All of which the oft-times cryptic Shero noted the other day in his tiny Spectrum office, where he had been poking through a tome called *Handbook to Higher Consciousness*.

"It's not that there's anything wrong with the Flyers," Shero insisted. "It's just that the rest of the league is better. When we won the Stanley Cup we weren't supposed to, but we surprised people by being better conditioned. Now everybody's well conditioned. Now you have to work like hell even to beat a team like Washington."

Yet, as Shero knew too well, something was wrong with the Flyers. Bob

(The Hound) Kelly, one of the hard-hitting heroes of the Broad Street Bullies, had lost his attraction for the corners. Bob Dailey, the 6'6" defenseman whose searing shot had terrorized the league earlier in the season (SI, Jan. 9), had gone cold. The goaltending of Parent and Wayne Stephenson was not always reliable. And there were the continuing struggles of Rick MacLeish and Reggie Leach. MacLeish led the team last season with 49 goals, but only a recent revival has raised the swift center's season total to 29. Leach, whose 61 goals two years ago are the most ever scored by an NHL rightwinger, has but 22 this season, and Shero has kept him on the bench in many games.

Surveying these many woes, General Manager Keith Allen was openly questioning whether the Flyers had lost some of their old desire. "Most of our guys have tasted success, and it's only human nature that they'd be less hungry today," he said. Hoping to shake things up, Allen has been busy phoning in an effort to make a major deal before this week's trading deadline. The resulting trade rumors have sent chill winds through the Flyer locker room. "Things have been tense in here," admits Dailey, who was rumored to be heading everywhere from Los Angeles to Cleveland. "All the talk about trades has been hurting morale."

A continuing source of concern was Parent, who has been burdened in the past two seasons by financial problems and neck surgery. Because of his world-weary air and middle-age punch, it is slightly startling to realize that Parent is still only 32. Playing just 39 of the Flyers' first 66 games, he leads the NHL in shutouts (six), and his goals-against average is second only to Montreal's Ken Dryden (2.27 to 2.18). Still, Parent, as well as the 33-year-old Stephenson, has shown a disturbing tendency to allow easy goals at inopportune moments, prompting Shero to wonder whether his goalies are in what he calls "the downward spiral" of their careers. Last month the Flyers summoned 23-year-old Rick St. Croix from the Maine Mariners and put him in the nets for seven games. But there were some rough edges on the rookie's game, and last week he was shipped back to Maine. Shero said he would let Parent and Stephenson fight it out for the right to handle the goaltending chores in the playoffs.

Searching for the solution to his problems, whatever they are, Parent has been spending many afternoons engaged in what seems a melancholy activity: he sits alone for hours at the Spectrum watching films of his play during "the great years," as he revealingly calls them. But Parent also says, "You have to be careful when you compare yourself to what you were before, because it can play tricks on your mind. I've made watching the films part of my job. I've picked up some bad habits, and the films help me get rid of them."

With Parent struggling, Clarke remains, more than ever, the heart and soul of the Philadelphia club. He is a Pete Rose on blades, yelling encouragement to the boys, winning face-offs, getting the puck to open linemates and flinging his body at anybody who does not have the good sense to be wearing Philadelphia colors. In view of his hell-bent style, it is remarkable that until Vancouver's Pit Martin inadvertently slashed him on the thumb in a 5-2 Flyer win at the Spectrum on Feb. 9, Clarke had missed no more than four games in any season. The injured thumb made it impossible for Clarke to hold a stick but he continued to skate at practice. Still, he complains of his nine-game layoff, "I just didn't feel like I was part of the team. It was especially rough because we weren't going so well."

When Clarke returned 10 days ago, the Flyers lost to the Canadiens 7-1 in Montreal—their 12th straight non-winning effort against the Canadiens. That was the last stop on a tough six-game Flyer road trip (two wins, three losses, one tie) and the last appearance in goal for St. Croix. Back in the Spectrum for a four-game stand, Philadelphia whipped St. Louis 7-1 behind Parent, then Stephenson, getting his first start in five weeks, let in a couple of soft goals before the Flyers outlasted Atlanta 5-3 Tuesday night. On Saturday they blitzed the injury-maddled Bruins 6-2, scoring a pair of shorthanded goals in the process, and on Sunday night they beat the Colorado Rockies 6-2 for their fourth win in a row.

As Shero plots a late-season surge, he likes the fact that rivals might be taking his club a little more lightly these days. "If they tend to count us out, that's good," he says. "That's how we won our two Stanley Cups."

END

HE WAS A SMASH WITHOUT A CRASH

Time was when Charlie Tickner of Littleton, Colo. was best known for his crash landings, but last week in Ottawa, he performed with nary a slip to win the men's title at the World Figure Skating Championships **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

At the World Figure Skating Championships in Ottawa last week, U.S. team member Charlie Tickner and a few friends met for a late dinner at a Chinese restaurant, the sort of place whose only merit is that it stays open until 2 a.m. Tickner polished off his meal with a fortune cookie, first extracting the fortune and reading it aloud. It said, "Jealousy and competition may trouble you." Nothing could have been more appropriate for fold-under-pressure, maybe-I'll-quit, I've-got-an-excuse Charlie.

But this particular cookie made everybody crumble into laughter. A few hours before dinner Tickner had won the world championship, the first U.S. man to do so since Tim Wood in 1969 and 1970. "If I had gotten this cookie before I skated," Tickner said, "I would have died." At 24 the Grand Old Man of U.S. skating, Tickner has been hovering near the top for years while gaining a growing reputation for crashing on important landings. In his upset performance last week, Tickner finished third in the compulsory figures, third in the two-minute short program and second in the five-minute free-skating program, which was good enough to give him the title.

After his unsatisfying start, Tickner had driven to a practice rink with Norma Sahlin, his coach. Sahlin said about his effort, "Well, it wasn't your best."

"It's hard to have a magical performance," Tickner said.

"Yeah, but you're about due."

He was, indeed. Last Thursday night Tickner delivered the near magic he needed in the free-skating final to earn the victory just when it looked as if 1978 might belong to East Germany's Jan Hoffmann, the 1974 titleholder (Reigning world champ Vladimir Kovalev of the U.S.S.R. came in fourth).

"The ultimate victory is to skate your best," Tickner said. "And so I skated my best." And perhaps had a bit of luck as well? "You only have luck when you train for it."

With Tickner winning an unexpected gold medal—and 17-year-old superskater Linda Fratianne still to finish her competition—it suddenly appeared the U.S. was on its way to taking both the men's and women's titles for the first time since 1959, when Carol Hers and David Jenkins made off with the world championships. Fratianne, from Northridge, Calif., the 1977 world champion, already is being mentioned by some in the same breath as Hers, Peggy Fleming and Dorothy Hamill.

But Fratianne had gotten off to a disastrous start with a third in the school figures. Her coach, Frank Carroll, complained bitterly about collusion among German-speaking judges, but everyone always complains about the judging in figure skating. It is a rule. However, at times nationalism can become too rampant even for skating's ruling body to abide. That's why the Soviets had been banned as judges this year. "I'm not into judging," Linda said revolutely. "I just know I have to do better figures."



Showing off his gold medal, Charlie allowed that he would have been delighted with a bronze

Fratiannie's work was further cut out for her after Tickner won. Not only was she trailing significantly in points, but also the whispered feeling among many Americans was that the judges would not care to award gold bookends to the U.S. As it turned out in the Friday night final, East Germany's Anett Pöttsch was the clear—if unspectacular—winner, with Linda second. Fratiannie's father, Bob, consoled his stoic daughter. "To be second in the world is not so terrible," he said. Then he added, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Coming into Ottawa, Tickner was haunted by his history of erratic performances. At the 1974 national championships, he fell twice and cracked a skate blade. In the 1976 nationals, he again crashed twice. "Plus he skated lousy," Sahlin says. In 1977 Tickner won the nationals and seemed on the right track, but came in fifth at the world meet. This year he faltered and finished second in the Midwestern sectional, the first significant step on the way to the world competition. Several times he has almost given up the sport. Says Sahlin, "He announces his retirement to me about twice a week."

En route to Canada from Littleton, Colo., where Tickner lives with the Sahlins, Norma told Charlie she thought he should end his free-skating program with two double axels, a tricky jump that involves a forward takeoff on one foot, 2½ turns in the air and a backward landing on the opposite foot. Then, three days before the start of competition, Tickner's crossed ankles accidentally locked on a triple jump and he fell, injuring a hip. Charlie didn't complain. But after his third in the school figures ("That's as good as I can skate figures") and a competent if ho-hum short program marred by a shaky landing on a combination jump, he did not have the look of a champion. Just before the free skating, Sahlin warned him, "Concentrate. Don't waste the year you have put in, and remember to do the two double axels at the end."

Charlie did all of the above with an exacting, positive performance—including four triple jumps, the last one four minutes into the program to demonstrate his stamina. There was never any doubt of his command of the ice. When Hoffmann fell and Britain's Robin Cousins skated on a triple loop (he won the free skating, nonetheless), the computers spewed out

the news that Tickner was the champion. "Jeez," he said, "I would have been delighted with the bronze."

During the men's free skating, Canada's Vern Taylor executed the first triple axel—3½ rotations—ever to be done in competition. Dick Button, five-time world champion, equated Taylor's feat with a 3½-minute mile. It was Button who introduced the double axel in 1948 and the triple loop in 1952. And it was Button who led the standing ovation for Taylor's achievement.

Tickner attempted nothing so dramatic. Indeed, in the past he has been concerned about how the judges would react to his free skating because it didn't arouse the fans, whose enthusiasm rarely fails to influence the judges. Says Tickner, "Once there was this judge who told me, 'You skate too smoothly. Make it look harder.'"

Before the women's finals, there was similar concern in the Fratiannie camp. Linda is frequently charged with not being exciting on the ice. She does seem the perfect windup doll. Send her out and she jumps, spins, turns, glides with mechanical sameness. And she doesn't smile much. "I think that I have substituted maturity for excitement," she says. "Before, I was bouncy and out of control, and everybody said I skated like a little girl." Her mother, Virginia, says, "Linda has class on the ice. She'd look stupid being bubbly." E. Newbold Black IV of New York, who helped judge the women skaters, says, "I don't know if total sparkle would have won it for her." Probably not. Fratiannie was scored best overall by two judges; seven picked her for second.

Fratiannie's title also was jeopardized by the high marks awarded to Pöttsch, who preceded her in the final event, and Linda certainly was a goner when she overrotated a landing on a triple toe loop early in her program. "I thought, 'Uh, oh, I've sure got to hit everything else,'" Fratiannie said. She did, but it just wasn't enough.

The evening's most thrilling performance came from Lisa-Marie Allen of the U.S., who was too far back to challenge, but put on a show in the free skating that lit up the Civic Centre. She could improve at the world level if she works harder on her school figures, at Ottawa, she was 14th among 23 competitors in the compulsory.



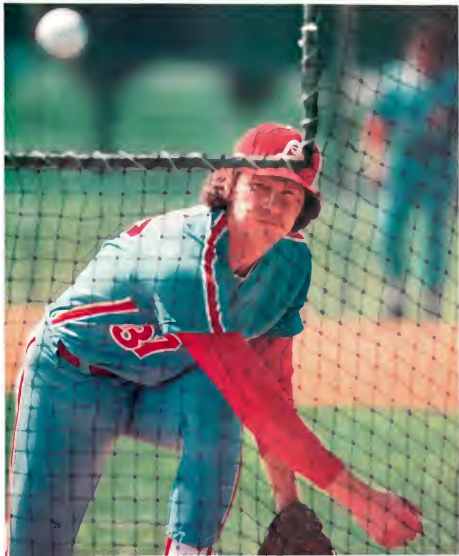
Anett Pöttsch of East Germany glided to victory

In the pairs competition, the Soviet Union's Irina Rodnina was half the winning combination for the 10th straight year, a run of firsts that ties Sonja Henie's 1927-36 record in the women's event. Rodnina's current partner, Alexander Zaitsev, has been with her six years. Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner of the U.S. were third. The dance was won by the Soviet team of Natalia Linichuk and Gennadij Karponosov.

While Tickner is not sure what's next for him in skating, Fratiannie claims perfect tunnel vision: regain the world title in 1979, win the Olympics in 1980. Button says he thinks there is a "chasm between the very good and the great skaters. Some sail over it, some step over, and some just don't make it. Linda is young, so we'll wait and see. But she was not beaten by intricacies of judging. The real question is why was she not more firelike. She needs to sit down and think about why she lost, then decide what to do about it."

END

THE ETERNAL HOPEFULS OF SPRING



Of all the rookies trying to crack starting lineups, Clint Hurdle of Kansas City has the best shot **by LARRY KEITH**

In 1968 Clint Hurdle was a precocious 10-year-old kid dragging bats for the Cocon Astros of the Florida State League and playing an occasional game of catch with a promising Astro first baseman named John Mayberry. Now, in 1978, Hurdle is tall, dark, handsome and brash and able to hit a baseball nine miles, and he and Mayberry are together again, this time at the Kansas City Royals' training camp in Fort Myers, Fla. Clint Hurdle, you see, is trying to take away John Mayberry's job.

Hurdle is only one of several rookies given a solid chance to break into a major league regular lineup this season. Not one of them has more confidence than Hurdle, not one has better credentials, and not one faces a more difficult task. The Royals, after all, are not exactly begging for help, and the 28-year-old Mayberry is hardly a liability at first base. Kansas City has won the last two American League West titles, and the slick-fielding Mayberry has averaged 24 home runs and 92 RBIs a season since he was acquired from Houston in 1972.

Like budding flowers and chirping birds, phenoms are a sure sign of spring, but a phenom named Clint does not come along very often. The last was Clint Hartung, a 6' 5" pitcher-outfielder who reported to the New York Giants' spring-training camp in 1947 amid proclamations that he was "an entire ball club in himself." Hartung did make the team, and he showed promise during the 1947 season by winning nine of 16 pitching decisions and batting .309 in 34 games. But by 1950 his pitching days were over, and in 1952 so was his career. He left with a 29-29 career pitching record, a .238 lifetime batting average and 14 home runs.

No one in the Royals organization ex-

continued



Kansas City had the best record in the majors last season, but the Royals may well start two rookies in 1978: Centerfielder Willie Wilson (top), who hit .281 and stole 74 bases for Omaha, and Hurdle, who hit .328 at Omaha and was the league's MVP. Hurdle could play either first base or left field



If 6' 8" Jim Wright recovers from the elbow injury that sidelined him after a 14-8 start for Oklahoma City, he could be in Philadelphia's rotation.

pects Hurdle to wind up as another Hartung. The very mention of Hurdle's name causes heads to bow and heartbeats to quicken. General Manager Joe Burke calls him "one of the top prospects I've seen in the 17 years I've been in the major leagues." John Schuerholz, the director of scouting and player development, says, "I bubble inside when I think about his potential." Batting instructor Charlie Lau, the maestro behind George Brett's bat, considers Hurdle "the best hitting

prospect I've ever seen in our organization." Manager Whitey Herzog rates him "the best player in the minors last year." Even Mayberry concedes. "He has the makings of a great player."

Mayberry would not be so concerned about his job security if he had not made the mistake of having the best year of his career in 1975, when he hit 291 and had 34 home runs and 109 RBIs. Since then his batting totals have fallen off considerably, making him the focal point of

criticism in Kansas City. "On this club, anyone batting fifth where John does ought to drive in at least 100 runs," says Herzog. Last year Mayberry had 83 RBIs and a puny .230 batting average.

One thing that has not fallen off, though, is Mayberry's glove work at first base, a skill Hurdle, who has played mostly in the outfield, is not likely to replace. "Without John over there," says Third Baseman Brett, "[Shortstop] Fred Patek and I could have a lot more errors."

continued



The American League seems to have a surplus of fresh faces. Clockwise from above: Boston infielder-DH Ted Cox hit .334 at Pawtucket and had six hits in his first six at bats after joining the Red Sox during the heat of the 1977 pennant race; Oakland had to make two deals to get slugger Dave Rader—who hit .300 and 28 homers at Indianapolis—from the Reds because Commissioner Bowie Kuhn canceled the Rader-and-\$1.7-million-for-Vida Blue transaction; California hopes that Ken Landreux, who batted .354 and 359 and had 27 home runs while playing for two Angel farm clubs last season, will win the center-field job; Detroit anticipates that Second Baseman Sweet Lou Whitaker, who hit .280 at Montgomery, and Shortstop Alan Trammell, who hit .291 there, will be a dependable double-play combination for the Tigers for the next 10 years.



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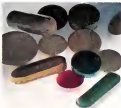
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Mayberry has been sharing some of his defensive wisdom with Hurdle this spring. "I like Clint. I really do," says Mayberry. "First is a tough position. I don't think I'm hurting myself by helping him because I have confidence in my own ability. I think I can hold on to the position by not trying for the long ball every time and concentrating on raising my average. Last year I was thinking home run as soon as I left the on-deck circle."

If Hurdle does not make it at first base, he could take over in left field, where the Royals would prefer an everyday player with Hurdle's type of power instead of incumbents Tom Poquette and Joe Zdeb, who platooned in left last year. Poquette and Zdeb both hit over .290, but they also had only two home runs each. And Poquette and Zdeb have another Royal rookie to worry about—Centerfielder Willie Wilson. If Wilson, who hit .281 and stole 74 bases at Omaha last season, beats out veteran Amos Otis for the job in center, Otis may well become the starting leftfielder. Also given a good chance of making the club are two more rookies. Shortstop U. L. Washington, who would serve as a reserve infielder, and Pitcher Rich Gale.

This kind of competition pleases General Manager Burke because he prefers to promote players from inside the organization rather than to load up in the reentry draft, the route division rivals Texas and California have taken. "It looks like some of our veterans are going to have to bite the dust," says Burke.

Hurdle came to the attention of the Royals through a stroke of geographic good fortune. He grew up in Merritt Island, Fla., near the Cocoa home of the Royals' minor league pitching instructor, Bill Fischer. Fischer watched Hurdle play high school ball in the spring and pitched batting practice to him during the winter. "By the time Clint was 17," Fischer says, "he was hitting the ball over the fence and into the drainage ditch. I quit working out with him more out of fear than anything else. I was afraid I might get killed."

Fischer showed less compassion for the pitchers in the American League, and in the spring of 1975 he recommended that Kansas City draft Hurdle. The Royals wanted another opinion, so they brought Hurdle to their minor league complex in Sarasota to take batting practice under Lau's watchful eye. "From the time he took his first swing there was no

doubt in my mind," Lau says. Adds Fischer, "It was the greatest exhibition you ever saw."

The Royals made Hurdle the ninth pick of the first round and signed him for a reported \$50,000 bonus. The big loser was the University of Miami, which had signed Hurdle, an All-State quarterback, to a grant-in-aid.

Hurdle rapidly rose through the Royals' minor league system. At Sarasota, he made the Gulf Coast League all-star team. He almost met his Waterloo at Waterloo, Iowa, where he hit only .180 in the first half of the season, but he surged to .235 and was named prospect of the year in the Class A Midwest League. Because of a stipulation in his contract, Hurdle was invited to Kansas City's training camp last spring even though the club had already ticketed him for Double-A at Jacksonville. "Wait a minute," Hurdle said. "How about seeing what I do here first?"

What Hurdle did was hit .300 against big league pitching, and he landed in Omaha, the Royals' affiliate in the Triple-A American Association. After hitting .328 with 16 homers and 66 RBIs, he was named the league's Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player. That earned Hurdle a brief trial with Kansas City at the end of the season, and all he did was bat .308 with two home runs and seven RBIs in nine games.

When he made his debut on Sept. 18, he was barely past his 20th birthday, making him the youngest Royal ever in the club's nine-year history. He celebrated the occasion by hitting a 450-foot home run and signing autographs for an hour and a half after the game. Playing winter ball in Venezuela, he hit .305 and was either first or second in homers, RBIs and runs scored.

But Hurdle does have some deficiencies. For one, he is not very fast. For another, he is a notoriously slow starter at bat. In Omaha last year he had only eight hits in his first 55 at bats. Despite his youth and impetuosity, he does get good marks for maturity and discipline on the field. John Sullivan, Hurdle's manager at both Waterloo and Omaha, says, "He may have been only 19 last year, but it seemed like he was 19 going on 29."

"I'm not getting any younger," Hurdle says. "My career has been like a book and this is the climax. I'm just going out and deal. I've got my chance and if I

don't make it I won't have anybody to blame but myself."

Among those who have no doubts that Hurdle can make it is Brett, who predicts a 300 average for Hurdle in his rookie season. Only four years ago Brett was himself a 20-year-old trying to break in, and he knows just what Hurdle will have to go through. "Clint is a lot like me," he says. "I guess that's one of the reasons we've become close. In 1974 I was the All-American boy trying to make it in the big leagues, and now it's Clint. I can remember the front office asking me not to chew tobacco or go into bars. I was their golden boy. Now the golden boy is Clint, and they'll probably want to protect him, too."

In order to keep an eye on Hurdle, Manager Herzog has threatened to take him on every Royal road trip this spring. Fort Myers is 100 miles from the Royals' closest big league rival, and four-hour bus rides every other day or so are one of the club's rites of spring. But the Royals will probably have no more success putting a handle on Hurdle than they had with Brett.

"You've got to get it while you can," Hurdle said last week while cruising through Fort Myers in his new Dodge van, a homey vehicle equipped with a refrigerator, sink, CB radio, stereo tape deck, fold-out bed and spittoon. Hurdle keeps a harmonica within easy reach on the padded dashboard, and the refrigerator behind him is never empty.

"When I've had a few drinks," he says, "I want to get Rubin [Hurricane] Carter out of jail. When I came up to Kansas City last season I thought life in the majors would be great, but it was 10 times better than I expected."

In anticipation of this season's pleasures, Hurdle asked the club for a single hotel room on the road, a perk normally reserved for veterans. His request was denied, but he says, "I'll get it next year." Meanwhile, he has purchased two dozen Kansas City Royals T-shirts that say ALL THE WAY IN '78.

If Hurdle does not go all the way himself, he will be "really fed off." "I'm a little cocky," he says. "I have a flair for the extraordinary. I know I have a lot to learn but I'd rather do it here."

As far as Herzog is concerned, he will. "Hurdle has to prove to me he can't play," the manager said last week. Proving he can't play may be about the only thing Hurdle cannot do. **END**

The oak trees in bright new leaf and the vivid jockey silks mean its Derby Week at Oaklawn Park in Arkansas' storied old Hot Springs. The crowds of bettors and tourists grow each year, some attracted by the racing, still others by the sights and the prospect of a salubrious swig of mineral water or a soothing bath.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMSTRONG

IT'S ONE BIG PARTY

BY JAY CRONLEY







When the Arkansas Derby is run April 1 thoroughbreds won't be the only equines on the premises: Clydesdales pull the starting gate into position, ponies are hitched to the Oaklawn Cannonball and a Sicilian burro enables in the infield







Hot Springs is a town near the middle of Arkansas, in diameter about the size of a nice jog. And because it is so hard to lose money there, people come from Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, even Chicago, for Arkansas Derby Week.

Swift horses, salty jockeys, big hitters—men who lean against walls and scratch their chins with \$50 win tickets—and women who wear mink and pretend it is not 75° also show up at Oaklawn, the track in Hot Springs, for Derby Week, which is one big party.

Last April 2, a record crowd of 54,216 was at Oaklawn for the 1977 Arkansas Derby, and nearly three-quarters of a million dollars was bet on the feature, which proves that people living within 700 miles of Hot Springs are starved for either racing or gambling. During Derby Week there are four \$100,000 races, and so many horses are airlifted into Hot Springs from other tracks around the country it looks as if somebody is shooting a cavalry movie.

Oaklawn is proof that a vacation place does not have to be where freeways intersect. Hot Springs is near Little Rock, Mount Ida, Malvern, Arkadelphia and not a whole lot else. The best way to get there is to have a horse that wins the Louisiana Derby, as did Clev Er Tell in 1977, then you can get a room within hoofing distance of the track for practically a song. Otherwise, places near Oaklawn crank their prices up to \$50 a night for what usually is a \$14 room. A few motel rooms close to Oaklawn sell out for the entire season—to the same person. A doctor from Tulsa, a five-hour drive away, comes to the races every Wednes-



Oaklawn has a typical cross section of studious bettors: some of whom may need a little *Salvador*.

day and goes home every Sunday. Spring is a bad time for his patients to get sick.

One of the reasons why it is hard to lose money at Oaklawn is its location—you can easily get lost trying to find it and miss the opening races, thereby saving whatever you would have wagered. Hot Springs, which has an area-wide population of about 55,000 because of several recently developed lake communities, is an old town that rests in the middle of the Ouachita Mountains like a ball in a glove, very naturally and comfortably. Until 1963 Hot Springs was wide open with all types of gambling—slots, roulette, dice, cards, the works—and it served as a valuable oasis for those Easterners and Midwesterners and Southerners who could not afford Vegas. But throwing deadbeats in the lakes was ruining the fishing, so all gambling, except pari-mutuel wagering at Oaklawn, was outlawed.

The streets in Hot Springs are narrow, and some of the bars have doors at each end, probably because when the town was full of hoods, a person had to keep moving.

A number of tourists still come to town for a mineral bath whose waters flow from underground springs. Bath House Row is a series of graceful old structures and elegantly groomed lawns. Also remaining from Hot Springs' more glorious days are the Arlington and the Majestic, two grand resort hotels Miss Marple would have loved. The hills encourage ram, and by mid-March the place is ablaze with dogwood, sumac, dandelion and fawn lilies.

Arkansas Derby Day is the big finish. The reserved and box seats, of which there are 10,000, are usu-

ally sold out every Friday and Saturday of the season, which runs from February to April. When the \$1 general-admission gates open, it is like a land run. People dash for choice outside seats near the finish line. One woman from Memphis got there two hours early and nestled into a beauty of a place in the bleachers, 10 yards from the finish. In the first race on Derby Day she had a \$15 winner, but wouldn't vacate her seat for a pay-off of anything less than \$25.

The infield is beautifully kept. Clydesdales haul the starting gate onto the track and graze in the rolling infield. Bands, very gussy bands, march through the indoor grandstand areas.

The main reason it is hard, and sometimes quite impossible, to lose money at Oaklawn is because there are so many people there. You can't always get to a betting window. First-time visitors to the track stand in the Daily Double line 20 minutes to ask, "Now, how many horses do I have to guess to win money?" The cashiers, many of whom work the circuit, moving from track to track, think they have seen everything until they hit Oaklawn. One cashier says, "The truth is 60% of the people here wouldn't know a horse from a goat. They only buy the *Racing Form* to fan themselves."

Then he turns to a customer and says, "Good afternoon, Madam. Yes, if you buy a place ticket and the horse does real nice and wins, you get a little something."

Oaklawn is a place where the vicious horseplayer can supplement his income by reverting to fundamentals, such as keeping his head down. One day, a vendor found a discarded \$50 win ticket. "Some of those people don't cash winning

tickets," she said. "They keep them for souvenirs!"

It takes all kinds to create excitement at a racetrack, and about one of each kind can be found around the Oaklawn paddock. Consider this scene last year. Clev Er Tell had just won the Arkansas Derby by a lot. Now came the last race of the meet, and if you had been getting to the windows and not winning, it was like coming to the 18th hole in terrible shape. You needed one great long shot.

At the paddock, a girl was analyzing No. 5's neck (yuk, looks like he has leprosy). To her right was a trainer who spoke in detail about the cuppy surface of the track. Then everybody went to the rail. It wasn't so crowded, because it was about dark. The man called the horses to the track.

"The horse that wins this one is the horse with the best eyes," somebody said, referring to the imminent darkness. You couldn't see a thing except for the biggest dogwoods and redbuds as the horses took off. They came into the home stretch and some shadows went past the finish line. The last horse beat darkness by a jump. Nobody seemed to have bet on the winner.

"I hate this," somebody said, kicking the rail.

"I hope our horse wins the Kentucky Derby," a woman said. Oaklawn is very intimate. Even people who bet a different horse regard the Arkansas Derby winner as a close friend.

"You know, everybody says racing is therapy," a man said, "but it would have been cheaper to go to a psychiatrist once a week for five years."

A woman said, "Never again!" People always say things they don't mean at parties. **END**

TOO FAR, TOO FAST

*The time ain't far off when a woman
won't know any more than a man.*

—WILL ROGERS

SECTION II. (A-2) of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW) Handbook: "Collegiate athletic personnel may attend scheduled events to assess the talent of a high school athlete, but may not talk to any student-athlete, nor to any member of a student-athlete's family. . . . The intent of this regulation is to develop a system in which any off campus solicitation is prohibited."

ITEM: Between games of a recent women's college basketball doubleheader at Philadelphia's Spectrum—in front of thousands of fans, dozens of eagle-eyed coaches from other schools and a journalist's open notebook—a representative of Old Dominion University, one of the participants in the doubleheader, made an impassioned sales pitch to a local high school star as she sat at courtside signing autographs for little girls. The Old Dominion coach, as well as at least two other major-college coaches, has paid visits to the same player's home.

SECTION III. (A-1) of the AIAW Handbook: "Financial aid based on athletic ability may be awarded for only tuition, fees, room and board."

ITEM: A college freshman, who averaged 26.2 points and 15.4 rebounds this season, last year allegedly turned down a cash offer of several thousand dollars from Nebraska alumni before enrolling at Kansas.

SECTION II. (A-1-b) of the AIAW Handbook: "An institution may not offer inducement, gifts or any financial gain . . . to a prospective student-athlete, a member of her family and/or her coach."

ITEM: A member of the 1976 United States Olympic team who transferred to Tennessee this season after playing for two years at little Mercer University of Macon, Ga. has told of being offered an assistant coach's job upon graduation as an enticement to leave Mercer



Though Title IX was intended to enrich all women's college sports, the attention has gone to basketball. As a result, the game's unrestrained growth has burdened it with rules-flouting coaches and players who are transferring at will

by KENT HANNON



Tennessee Coach Pat Head, one of the main beneficiaries of the AIAW's liberal rules on transferring, has attracted two U.S. Olympians, including Cindy Brogdon (right), and charges of tampering

and play for the Lady Volunteers

The AIAW's Code of Ethics for Administrators says that the "primary aim of the administrator is to foster ethical practices of behavior which will accomplish and fulfill goals of wholesome and desirable experiences for all individuals in the program."

ITEM: The Rev. Oral Roberts, when asked about his beloved Titanettes team at Oral Roberts University, replied, "We're going to get the best women's basketball team that money can buy—within the rules, of course."

Welcome to the world of women's college basketball. Not long ago a game for tomboys with holes in their sweat socks, it is now sophisticated enough to be involved in the negotiation of a TV advertising contract with Hanes, the pantyhose people. And that is just one of many indications that women, despite an alleged aversion to the high-pressure climate of the male world, are not about to pass up the opportunity to move into the big time. A women's doubleheader at Madison Square Garden last year drew 12,336 fans. Earlier this season 6,500 screaming rooters attended a game in Raleigh between North Carolina State and Wayland Baptist.

The bottom line is this: women's basketball is women's athletics right now, at least on the college level. And it has a chance to become the third women's sport—following the lead of tennis and golf—to capture a substantial share of the public's entertainment dollar and to attract big television money.

This is startling because women's basketball is hardly a polished game. Nonetheless, in six years it has progressed from intramural status to the brink of overemphasis. It has its own weekly Top 20 and full-ride scholarships, and by all indications it is headed down the same rocky road of recruiting violations and other abuses that the men's game has traveled. In short, the game may be young, but it is already in trouble. Recruiting in many places is similar to the Oklahoma land rush; the talent is out

continued



Husker alumni allegedly offered Woodard a car

there for the taking, and fewer and fewer coaches and administrators seem concerned about how they go about getting it. Women are switching schools "to play on a national champion." Meanwhile the AIAW, which does not require that transfer students lay off a year before becoming eligible—as the NCAA discovered long ago was necessary—staunchly defends their "right to seek a better education."

Worse still, these actions are being undertaken in cavalier fashion; the coaches involved are laughing at the rules and at the AIAW's inability to enforce them. The problem is that half of the AIAW membership wants to run a sophisticated physical-education program for college women, the other half wants to get involved in the business of big-time sports. Half of the AIAW leadership is too naive to believe that the above examples of wrongdoing are taking place on a wide scale; the other half is too busy trying to get a piece of the action to worry that the sport is sitting on a powder keg.

"We've plunged in so quickly that we

already may have gone too far," says Emily Harsh, the women's athletic director at Vanderbilt. "The men are trying to back out of the same situation the women are nearing. It's a shame. One coach sees another coach get a player and figures it must've been crooked. She thinks she's got to do it, too, or she'll get behind. Then the ball begins to roll. There seems no end to it."

The start of it occurred in 1972 when legislation known as "Title IX" changed the way women's college sports would be organized. A rider to the Educational Amendments Act that Congress passed despite a storm of protests from the NCAA, Title IX stipulated that the woman athlete share, with her male counterpart, in all athletic monies and facilities. It was never the intent of Title IX to make women's sports big-time, in the sense that men's sports long have been.

Because of Title IX, disgruntled athletic directors were forced to spend long hours tearing apart their male-oriented budgets in order to find a way of robbing Peter to pay Pauline. At first, the major colleges seemed more interested in issuing warnings that the law would prove the undoing of intercollegiate athletics than they were in building strong women's programs. While they were complaining, small schools with well-established women's basketball teams continued to rule the sport—albeit on borrowed time.

Since 1972, when the newly formed AIAW held its first national basketball championship, all six first-place trophies have been taken home to either Immaculata, Pa. or to Cleveland, Miss. Immaculata College, a Catholic women's school near Philadelphia, won the first three titles in 1972-73-74, largely because Coach Cathy Rush was the best women's strategist in the country. Mississippi's Delta State College has been the champion for the past three years, thanks to the prowess of the game's best player to date, 6' 3" Center Lucy Harms. These two schools were so dominant that Immaculata was also runner-up to Delta State in '75 and '76. But last season—as a sign of things to come—Louisiana State and Tennessee took second and third. Neither Delta State nor Immaculata is likely to win the title this year, because while some college coaches like Alabama's Ed Nixon, who is strapped for funds and has never even been introduced to Bear Bryant, are still treated as

second-class citizens, most of the nation's major colleges have begun to gear up for women's basketball in a big, big way.

As one would expect, UCLA has jumped in with both feet. The Bruins' new coach, Billie Jean Moore, is expected to bring an AIAW championship banner to Pauley Pavilion before long. It could happen this month, because the 1978 nationals will be held at UCLA March 23-25. The University of Texas Tower used to be lit only when the Longhorns won a football game. These days it also glows in the dark when the Lady Longhorns win a state championship. At Mississippi State there is even a genuine referee-baiter coach who combines all the tempestuous qualities of Woody Hayes and Al McGuire. That is savvy Peggy Collins, a 30-year-old ball of fire whose sideline antics have been known to include Jimmy Connors' favorite hand signal as a rejoinder to antagonistic crowds. Even Joe Namath has been caught up in the fun. When he heard about Nixon's economic plight, Namath mailed the women's program at his alma mater a check for \$50,000.

With all this going on, it is not surprising that the AIAW has already been called upon to investigate its first recruiting scandal. Yet it seems so dreadfully early for that kind of thing. So early, in fact, that the AIAW does not even have a full-time enforcement committee. That may explain why no evidence of wrongdoing was found in the case of Lynette Woodard, the freshman at Kansas who was allegedly offered a new car or several thousand dollars if she would enroll at Nebraska. Lest this be dismissed as a flight of fancy, it should be noted that a former Nebraska coach has told a friend that the offer came from Cornhusker alumni in the Omaha area, where Woodard had starred as an AAU player.

Despite the Woodard case, women's basketball still has a way to go before it reaches the seedy side of town where the men's game often hangs out. But when the 7-year-old AIAW and the 72-year-old NCAA each held a convention in Atlanta during the second week in January, the subjects of concern were remarkably similar.

The differences in wealth and status between the two groups were apparent in their choice of hotels. The NCAA was ensconced at the ultramodern Peachtree Plaza, with its half-acre lake-in-the-lobby that helped refresh the amendment-

continued

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weary conventioners. Because they wanted the media and their male counterparts to take notice of their convention, too, the AIAW leaders overlooked the fact that Georgia is a non-ERA state and checked in across town at the construction-ravaged Colony Square Hotel. In exchange for a reduced \$28 room rate, delegates had to cope with near-freezing temperatures in the lobby—owing to the fact that part of the Colony Square's roof was missing—and with little signs put up by the management that read: "WE'RE NOT REMODELING. THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT RUNS THROUGH OUR BASEMENT."

There was a bit of rambling in one of the basement ballrooms at around 2 p.m. on Sunday, Jan. 8, as Joan Hult, head of the AIAW's Ethics & Eligibility Committee, was explaining the "no harassment" recruiting amendment that would make it improper for a coach to exchange anything more than "pleasantries" with a high school player or her parents. It would replace a milder rule that permitted coaches to deliver a full sales pitch to a recruit—provided the player or her parents initiated the conversation. As Hult was about to move on to another matter, a young administrator from the University of Detroit, Lydia Sims, stood up and asked the question that had been on everyone's mind: "How will this be policed?"

For a moment the huge hall filled with

almost 900 delegates, observers and journalists fell silent. The women who had been concentrating on their needlepoint looked up. Merrily Dean Baker, the women's athletic director at Princeton, stopped rocking her 4-month-old daughter, Jennafer, who was asleep in a baby buggy. Hult stared back at Sims and replied, "We are built upon self-policing." After that statement, there was so much snickering and shuffling of papers that the chair was almost obliged to gavel the meeting back to order.

The incident illuminates the AIAW's most pressing dilemma. It cannot—or will not—come up with the money for a full-time enforcement unit, and so it professes not to need one. Its solution to keeping the shady ladies from overrunning the good sports is to use a lot of holler-than-thou talk.

"You can't legislate morality," says Texas Women's Athletic Director Donna Lopiano, "but I think that women are different from men. I don't think we're doomed to repeating the men's mistakes."

"Women have different ego gratifications than men," says Baker of Princeton. "Our expectation levels are different, and I don't think we're headed down the same road. There are opportunities now that I never had as a girl, and yet we're not pushing young women into the same high-pressure recruiting situations that men go through."

But there are indications already that there will be a wide discrepancy between the letter—and spirit—of the no-harassment rule, which passed by a vote of 230-212, and the tactics of recruiters.

"I could turn in 100 violators tomorrow," said Kansas State Coach Judy Akers only a month after the rule's passage.

"As soon as they passed the rule, I heard coaches joking about it," says Lynn George, women's athletic director at George Washington. "They were saying, 'I'll take my brother or sister along to talk to a recruit.' Besides, who is going to time 'pleasantries'? When do they start and stop?"

"A lot of women in this game are awfully naive—not only about how big it's gotten, but about each other," says Marianne Stanley, the 23-year-old coach at Old Dominion who exemplifies the new breed that is taking over the sport. Stanley is not a tenured member of the physics department. She is strictly a coach,

and she must win to keep her job. "Women approach this like a tea party," she says. "Well, that's not realistic when you're giving out scholarships based on athletic ability. The AIAW talks about the purity of its system curing its ills. What good are rules if they can't enforce them? I just saw a college coach with the same high school recruit on four consecutive days."

When Stanley talks about recruiting violations, she speaks from first hand knowledge, because she is one of those three coaches who have visited the home of June Olkowski, a blue-chip six-foot forward from St. Maria Goretti High in Philadelphia. It was also a representative from Old Dominion who gave Olkowski that big recruiting rush at the Spectrum doubleheader. These are definite no-nos, according to the AIAW Handbook. But, then, Rutgers Coach Teresa Greitz has been in the Olkowski home, too. So has Pat Meiser of Penn State. "This women's basketball," says a bewildered Mrs. Eleanor Olkowski, "it's getting to be a big deal, isn't it?"

Stanley, Greitz and Meiser are not being singled out for criticism. Richard Perry, the USC athletic director, doesn't even consider their activities reprehensible. "I find the AIAW's rule fiscally irresponsible," he says. "If we're going to spend thousands of dollars a year on athletic scholarships for women, we want to attract the best. That mandates evaluating those players, finding out what kind of people they are and what kind of homes they come from."

In lieu of in-person recruiting, the AIAW has instituted "auditions," which a coach may "hostess." Under these arrangements, a player who has finished her junior year in high school must pay her own way to an institution for a try-out. While she is there she can ask and be asked every question imaginable. This may sound like a clever alternative, but in practice it discriminates against students who cannot afford to visit campuses and, therefore, can never talk in person to coaches about playing college basketball—to say nothing about the inequities of the whole tryout system, which the NCAA long ago wisely outlawed. As Jean Balthaser of Pitt says, "AIAW rules actually make it easier to go after transfer students—I mean recruit strictly on the college level—than to try to deal with these silly regulations for assessing high school talent."

continued



Hult says the AIAW can rely on self-policing

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The transfer rule, which allows women to play without sacrificing a year of eligibility, was another major point of contention in Atlanta. Lepiano, a supporter of the rule, says, "Every year 15% to 18% of the 80,000 women athletes at AIAW schools transfer. Why should we penalize them? They have the right to seek a better education—maybe the second school has a better law program—and still participate in collegiate sports. And what if they do transfer for athletic reasons? Athletics should have the same rights as all other students."

That seems reasonable enough, except that basketball is supposed to be an extracurricular activity. With no women's NBA and certainly not enough college coaching jobs to go around, it is odd that an educationally minded administrator would support a system that encourages women to transfer solely for athletic reasons. In addition, under AIAW rules, a transfer student may play basketball immediately, but must forfeit her scholarship, which is sometimes essential to her remaining in school. The NCAA's method is to allow the athletes to keep the scholarships but lose a year's eligibility.

"Most of the athletes I've known who transferred did so because they wanted to be a starter instead of the third guard," says Detroit's Sims. "I should know, because I left the University of Michigan and a great business school just to play basketball at Immaculate but transferred back to Michigan when I realized my education would be more important to me in the long run. I am an assistant women's athletic director at Detroit mainly because of my degree in business from Michigan, not because I played basketball at Immaculate."

Though schools like Rutgers and Nevada-Las Vegas have already gained the nickname "Transfer U.," the row over the transfer rule centers around another young coach, Pat Head of Tennessee.

Two years ago, when Center Trish Roberts left Emporia (Kans.) State and turned up at Tennessee for her senior season, opposing coaches winked at each other and congratulated Head on her good fortune. That was putting it mildly, seeing as how Roberts, a member of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team, poured in 51 points in her first game and led the Lady Vols to that third-place finish in last year's national tournament. When Forward Cindy Brogdon of Mercer University transferred this season to Tennes-

see—where she has averaged 23 points a game—rival coaches stopped winking and began blinking in disbelief. True, Brogdon had been Head's roommate in Montreal when they both played on the Olympic team. It is also true that Brogdon's coach at Mercer, the flamboyant Peggy Collins, had quit to take the Mississippi State job, and Cindy was ripe to be persuaded to go elsewhere. But how did the switch come about and who made the first move?

What disturbs Mercer officials is that Head and Roberts both showed up at the Georgia Hall of Fame dinner in Atlanta in February 1977. They had good reason for being there, because Roberts, a Georgia native, was being honored and logically would have been accompanied by her coach. The only snag is that Head was seen talking to Brogdon, who still had not finished her sophomore season at Mercer. Although this conversation may have been innocuous, the AIAW's reliance on self-policing left Head open to allegations of "tampering" by her rivals.

"If there was enticement by Pat Head, and if it happened that night, I can't prove it," says Mercer Athletic Director John Mitchell. "But Ed Nixon, the Alabama coach, is a friend of Cindy's, and he will tell you what she told him."

Nixon says, "Cindy told me she was going to Tennessee because she wanted the chance to play on a national champion this year. She also said the Vols had offered her a postgraduate scholarship and an assistant coaching position when she was through playing."

The coaching offer is a severe violation of AIAW rules, and by June 1977 the heat Tennessee was getting over the alleged tampering with Brogdon prompted its women's athletic director, Gloria Ray, to write a letter to Mitchell. It read in part:

"Dear Mr. Mitchell: I think Cindy made it very clear in her interview that it was her decision to transfer and she did so for her own reasons. . . . My belief is that she was ready for a change and that she made a very difficult decision after much thought and prayer. . . . I am concerned when words such as 'tampering' and 'illegal recruiting' are used when articles are written about Cindy's decision to transfer. . . ."

This sounded like a non-denial denial to Mitchell, and it struck him as odd that

he got a letter from Ray, though he had never requested an explanation from Tennessee. So last fall he verbally protested Brogdon's transfer to AIAW officials. He has not heard a word from them.

Tennessee Tech's coach, Marynell Meadows, was at one time thinking of reporting Head to the E & E Committee for allegedly tampering with one of Tech's players—sophomore Forward Pam Chambers, who has a 16-point scoring average this year and leads the Golden Eaglettes in steals and assists. Says Meadows, "I learned during last year's regional and national tournaments that Pat was trying to recruit Chambers. When I confronted Pat with this, she said my student assistant coach had initiated the proposition as part of a package deal to get a coaching job at Tennessee. I couldn't be sure my assistant hadn't, and so I let it drop. The scary thing about the transfer rule is that it would be possible for someone to come in here and destroy my program overnight."

Compared to the total of 100-plus violations for which the NCAA has cited the men's programs at Long Beach State, Southwestern Louisiana, Minnesota and Nevada-Las Vegas in recent years, the women's practices seem like small concerns. But as an omen of the direction in which the women's game is headed, these practices hardly support the AIAW's official position that its game is essentially pure and that self-policing makes sense.

While researching this story **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** representatives interviewed coaches and athletic administrators in 27 states and received many reports of rules violations. More than three-fourths of those surveyed said self-policing was a farce. One of them was Chris Weller, the women's basketball coach at Maryland. "The AIAW is playing ostrich," she says. "It won't make rules with teeth in them because that would be an admission that certain things are going on that the AIAW claims never happen."

Not only does the E & E Committee almost never put anybody on probation, but when it does, it also keeps the probation secret. There is little deterrent value in that, and so Jeanne Rowlands, head of the Eastern Region's E & E Committee, soon will ask her regional board to recommend publication of violators' names. That way schools not on probation can refuse to schedule schools that

continued

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are "There is an extraordinary amount of smoke," says Rowlands. "I'm unable to make an intelligent judgment about how much fire there really is. But we're not going to run around the country policing everybody. Otherwise, we'd have to create an incredible bureaucracy."

"I'm glad the AIAW doesn't have enough problems to have a real enforcement committee," says USC's Perry with a pound of sarcasm. "The NCAA didn't back in 1929, either."

That was the year the Carnegie Report was published, acknowledging that college athletics was rife with abuses that needed cleaning up. But it wasn't until 1952 that the NCAA found that efforts to enforce rules without a police force were a waste of time. That year it empowered a subcommittee to process cases of rules violations.

"This may sound funny, but the NCAA made its mark in infractions," says Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke, who, along with Walter Byers, two secretaries and a bookkeeper, constituted the entire NCAA staff in 1952. "It was when the NCAA put the Kentucky basketball team on probation in '52 that people really took notice that severe punishments would be handed out."

Faith, trust and good intentions, words left over from early NCAA conventions, were banded about at the Colony Square in Atlanta as though they were a three-member enforcement unit all by themselves. But only stronger legislation can control the unrestrained growth of women's basketball. Rather than crowing about a purity that does not exist, the women might better take a good look at the NCAA—which despite its findings has strong rules and takes significant measures to enforce them—and try to improve on it.

The AIAW's unwillingness to institute rigorous procedures to police infractions was one of the causes of the rift that became evident in Atlanta between those who want broad-based athletic programs for women and those who have decided that ego gratification and a day in the sun are what women deserve after years of athletic deprivation. A disproportionate share of the monies mandated by Title IX, which could be used to add a varsity field-hockey team to a school's program or to fund a traveling schedule for the volleyball squad, is being spent to hype the basketball program at places like Old Dominion. The question of emphasis has



High-schooler Dikowski finds rivals' drives easier to stop than illegal visits by college coaches

been argued by Karol Kuhrs of the University of Illinois and by Cal Pappasos of Queens (N.Y.) College.

Kuhrs, an assistant director of women's athletics, registered her disgust while the AIAW convention was in the midst of a heated battle over whether a school should have to offer a specified number of other sports in order to compete in Division I basketball. Her message was this, "I didn't hear anybody mention her budget when we were talking about providing tutors for athletes. I didn't hear anybody mention her budget when we were voting to give scholarships. But now that we're asking a school to provide other sports besides basketball, all I hear is how budgets won't allow them."

Pappasos, a retired faculty member, is one of the AIAW's most avid feminists and its resident pragmatist. "Success has many prices," she says. "How do you measure what women have paid in their quest for equality? When Title IX came along we had to take the whole bag, and that started the dilemma. Men were getting blazers, so we wanted them, too. Women are no different than men when

it comes to handling power. When we get it, the same negatives will apply. So what? Personally, I've always wanted to do two things. One, escape to Brazil with \$1 million in embezzled funds, because that would mean a woman finally had access to that kind of cash. Second, write *The Godmother*."

Critics of Walter Byers, the Godfather of the NCAA, claim he no longer worries about controlling men's games, as long as the promotion of them is going well. A similar statement could be made about the AIAW leadership, which apparently does not plan to lose any sleep over the incidences of wrongdoing, as long as it does not interfere with the women's quest for a fair share of the action.

"Enforcing rules that people don't really want to obey can be a lonely task," says Duke. "It doesn't make you feel good when you come home at night. I try to remain optimistic. But I've been going to NCAA conventions for 25 years, and I see much the same problems now as I always did. Just different people, different faces. Maybe in the near future those faces will belong to women."

END

In one sense, you could say the South is rising again. In another, you could say it's falling under a succession of duck-unders, leg sweeps and high crotches. Dixie, you see, is in the midst of a collegiate wrestling boom.

For years, the only Deep South team of merit was Arnold (Swede) Umbach's Auburn Tigers. Umbach, who grew up in Oklahoma, a wrestling hotbed, ended 30 years of coaching in 1973 with 25 Southeastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association team titles, two Southeastern Conference championships and a 249-28-5 record.

"The only wrestling many Southerners knew for a long time was the professional kind," Umbach says. "When we got the sport into the SEC in 1970, we polled the schools to see how many would have teams. I still remember Mississippi's reply: 'Never.' I wanted to build the sport throughout the South, so I put on clinics everywhere. But I suspect people from the Midwest and the North laughed at Southern wrestling."

Well, the joke is over. During the 1960s, only seven wrestlers from Southern schools placed in the top six at NCAA tournaments. In the '70s, 16 have earned that distinction, nine in the past two years. What's more, four coaches—all from up North—have led their SEC teams into the top 20 this season: Fletcher Carr (Erle, Pa.) at Kentucky, Gary Schneider (Massapequa, N.Y.) at Florida, Tom Milkovich (Maple Heights, Ohio) at Auburn, and Larry Sciacchetano (Teaneck, N.J.) at Louisiana State.

The main reason for this meteoric rise is a 2-year-old NCAA ruling that limits colleges to 11 wrestling scholarships. That has curtailed the stockpiling of talent by teams such as Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, Iowa and Iowa State, which often signed good prospects just to prevent them from going elsewhere.

Vital, too, has been the all-out effort by Southern schools to improve their wrestling programs. LSU Athletic Director Carl Maddox says, "When the SEC gets into a sport, it goes all the way. The SEC only recently got into swimming,



Coaches like LSU's Sciacchetano have come to grips with Southern wrestling.

After the fall in Dixieland

but at last year's NCAA's, three of the five top teams were from our conference." And then there have been hordes of high school seniors from wrestling-rich New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, who have flocked South to join in the empire building.

Being given the coaching job at a Southern university used to be akin to being handed a rotten apple—"Sorry, Al, you're the wrestling coach this season"—but now it's more of a juicy plum. When the LSU position opened up two years ago, more than 50 applicants were screened before the then 33-year-old Sciacchetano (pronounced Shuck-uh-tan-oh) was chosen.

Shack had a 137-31-5 record in 12 seasons at New York Maritime and Montclair (N.J.) State. He also has a knack for recruiting, an invaluable asset in the suddenly furious skirmishing among SEC teams for the top high school prospects.

"I left LSU because I disagreed with

the administration about recruiting," says Shack's predecessor, Dale Ketelsen. "The way to build the program, I felt, was to recruit the local boys, not to bring in a lot of outsiders."

"One reason I came here was because the administration committed itself to letting me recruit from coast to coast," Shack says. "I got the job in May of '76. By then all the blue-chip high-schoolers were signed. I decided to save most of my scholarships, suffer through the first season and hope for a good recruiting year the next time around. Last year I spent an awful lot of time on the road. High school wrestling in the South is in its infancy, so I had to travel to where the best prospects were."

Shack's anticipated agony—his 1976-77 team was 5-12—was followed by the ecstasy of recruiting triumph. He set his sights on 11 high school All-Americans and bagged nine.

"Recruiting is multifaceted," says Shack, who is six feet, 230 pounds and wears a mustache as big as a broom. "To get top prospects you've got to have a big-time schedule, excellent facilities and a school that offers a well-rounded program of athletics and academics. Being able to offer Northern kids warm winter weather also helps."

When Shack got home from his forays to the North he sent postcards of the sunny South to the prospects he had visited, and on his follow-up phone calls he was careful to do most of his phoning on days when the North was snowbound. Shack's roster is now stacked with 30 wrestlers from 10 states, and 28 of them are from above the Mason-Dixon Line.

Although in one breath Shack says "I don't intend to spend my life coaching," he adds in the next, "There's nothing in the world that's as exciting." Certainly, this season has been Shack's built so well so first that the nationally 17th-ranked Tigers won the SEC title and feel that they could be headed for an NCAA championship in the next two or three years. For the SEC meet, Shack resurrected the Chinese Bandits, the gung-

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ho third unit on LSU's 1958 national championship football team. The coach outfitted his wrestlers in purple and gold T-shirts with CHRISTSE BANDITS in oriental-type letters on the front. "It's a gimmick," he says, "but it worked."

Though seven of Shack's starters are freshmen and his team has had an inordinate number of injuries, he directed a remarkable turnaround this season. Louisiana State's record was 10-5, with all the losses coming against top-20 teams. The Tigers' most notable victory was a 27-14 thrashing of Florida, only the second loss in the last 30 SEC dual meets for the Gators.

LSU has sent four wrestlers, three of them freshmen, to this week's NCAA championships at College Park, Md. Two of the finest are 134-pound conference champion Mike Chinn and heavyweight George Atiyeh. Chinn, a senior who left the University of Oklahoma after three seasons, works out with a boxer—a dog named Obse with whom he goes on daily runs. Atiyeh is a 6' 4", 245-pound

Pennsylvanian who won two state titles as a high-schooler. Following the '76 high school football season, he was acclaimed by a panel of college coaches as the best high school player in the country. He started at defensive tackle for LSU last fall and then joined the wrestling squad. In one of his first matches he built a 6-1 lead over Oklahoma State's 6' 7", 370-pound Jimmy Jackson, a two-time NCAA champion, but made a freshman's error and was pinned. Since then he has won all nine of his matches, seven of them by falls. The last of these victories was over Harold Smith of Kentucky, the defending conference champion and third in last year's NCAA's.

Neatly curved into a leather vise that Atiyeh made in the eighth grade and which he has been wearing ever since are a beer mug, a four-ace poker hand and a cigar. "Being an athlete keeps me away from those things," Atiyeh says. "I try to be straight, because I believe you have to be if you want to be an athlete. I came here because I wanted to compete

for a school that was good in football and wrestling. Shack's Puck is going places."

Southern fans must think all their wrestling teams are headed in the right direction. As few as 50 people used to attend wrestling matches at Southern colleges, now as many as 4,500 show up for dual meets. The region's record crowds will be at Maryland this week. Sellouts are virtually guaranteed for all six sessions.

No one is more pleased about this than Sully Kreuze, who is finishing his 31st and final season as Maryland coach. "I've finally accomplished my goal," he says. "A couple of weeks ago, the ACC athletic directors ordered us to move our conference wrestling tournament back a day so that it wouldn't conflict with the ACC basketball tournament. The ADs wanted to go right from there to the wrestling finals the next day. For years you couldn't get our ADs to watch wrestling. Now they insist upon seeing it. The South is rising again." In one sense

END

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The scarlet letter is Z

The zone may be illegal, but everybody in the league is using it, rule or no rule

Unless you are a coal miner or Cheryl Tiegs, you may be as alarmed as everybody else at the newest four-letter monstrosity that is rampaging through the newspapers, giving off enough evil connotations to get the entire sport of basketball thrown into jail. Unlike some of its predecessors—p-I-H, for instance, d-o-p-e, or even s-e-x—the word has not yet been banned in every God-fearing American household. But it is getting there.

As a matter of fact, the epithet in question, "zone." Where? There it is. Doesn't it even sound ugly? Z, as in zut O, as in oaf. N, as in nasty. E, as in eccck. Historically it has been as dirty, as abominable and as strenuously to-be-eschewed a basketball term as a coach could utter. A zone defense always has implied that you are weak and lily-livered. A zone says you are afraid to match up with the other guy fair and square, head on, face-to-face, like, eh, you know, like a real man. A zone is a gimmick, a trick, an outrage against truth, fairness, art and Peter Pan. Put that fellow from San Clemente on a basketball court and you know he would immediately go into a zone.

Why, even in the college branch of the game all the wonderful legendary mentors of yesteryear piously claimed they avoided the zone defense like the plague. UCLA's John Wooden said he never used one. Ho, ho (Don't ask Artis Gilmore how the Bruins copped him and Jacksonville in the 1970 NCAA championship game.) And the late, always great Adolph Rupp, sly Baron that he was, fabricated a polysyllabic disguise for it when the Kentucky Wildcats went into what suspiciously resembled a stationary deployment of their defensive troops. "Now, boys, that was no zone," Adolph

would draw. "What you-all saw out there was the old stratified, transitional, hyperbolic paraboloid."

A fortnight ago at the ACC tournament, North Carolina Assistant Coach Eddie Fogler defended his team's much-maligned (for slowing the pace) "Four corners" offense by verbally fast-breaking to the opposite extreme and cutting to ribbons none other than the zone defense. "The single biggest slowdown factor in basketball is the zone," Fogler said. After which, naturally, North Carolina went out and used it some of the time and lost, and Duke used it practically all the time and won.

Of course, the zone defense is illegal in pro basketball. Say what? Say illegal. Then, too, the speed limit is 55 mph on our highways. And snorting the ticket stubs is not permitted at our rock concerts. Also, children under 18 are not allowed to see *The Betsy* unless accompanied by parent or adult. In reality, the ordinance against zone defenses in the NBA is the most trampled-upon sports regulation since somebody ruled that hockey players should not open up heads with their sticks.

The NBA rule is written plainly enough, right there under "Fouls and Penalties, 12A, Section 1." The rule states flatly that a zone defense is not permitted, a zone in the pros being when a defensive player stands in the key area more than three seconds or when a defender is more than six to eight feet away from his man. Moreover, says the rule book, "the offensive team must prove the defensive team is not adhering to the rule as written by sending a player or players through the defense." If no defender follows these players, a zone is obviously being used and a violation should be called.

In the NBA's Russellian era, there was less open-floor activity than now and few centers ventured far from the basket. This made it possible for Boston's esteemed Bill Russell—titular defensive specialist that he was—to camp inside and protect the hoop as well as reject the advances of opposing pivots, because they were seldom more than two feet away, let alone six feet. The Celtics funneled everybody into Russell to be gobbled up like so many helpless flies detoured into a spider web. But make no mistake about it, Bill Russell played a zone.

In the current pro game, featuring

more mobile big men, faster and quicker ball movement, smarter and bolder coaches and, especially, the influx of ABA-inspired pressing and trapping defenses (which referees, if not Joe Fan, seem to have a hard time distinguishing from zones), it is easy to understand why the scarlet letter Z has come into such vogue. And easier still to see—and hear—how the rule is broken.

● In Oakland, Golden State GM Scotty Stirling sends a film of a Warrior-Laker game to Norm Drucker, the NBA's supervisor of officials, which shows Rick Barry angling through the defense to the basket time after time without accompaniment. So little attention is paid him by his defender that Barry might as well be strolling off to his hair weaver. But the Lakers are issued only one zone warning all night. Stirling says he heard that when the league's competition committee took a look at the film, all someone said was, "The Warrior bench didn't hush enough."

● In Philadelphia, the 76ers quintuple-team Kareem Abdul-Jabbar so completely that he seldom gets off a thought, much less a shot. Afterward Abdul is queried about the strange defense and says, "Well, if that wasn't a zone, the 76ers should have at least been given some parking tickets."

● In New Jersey, Coach Kevin Loughery holds up five fingers, and the Nets go into their Dis-co, Disco Duck alignment, wherein Bernard King finds himself guarding three men on the same play and 6' 0" Kevin Porter finds himself checking a 7-footer. "Zone!" Loughery says, under intense questioning at precinct headquarters. "You must be seeing things, officer. What we do is trap."

● In Atlanta, Coach Hubie Brown explains how his team does not play a zone. "We are overmanned at four positions, usually five. We can't let you bring the ball down, back us in low and shoot in our faces. So we press and trap and double-team. We work hard at staying within the rules. We do not stand around." Brown's audience is too properly mystified to ask why, in the game moments earlier, Brown was screaming at his confused Hawks, "Stay, stay, stay! Damn it, just stay there!" as the opposition guards, drifted through Atlanta's pressing, trapping, double-teaming and non-standing-around defense.

● In Los Angeles, the Times' Ted Green,

continued



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who covers the Lakers, is asked if that team ever employs the infamous zone. "I think their regular defense is a zone," Green says. "I can't remember the Lakers playing man-to-man. I know they never get six to eight feet close to anybody." Jerry West, the coach, is asked the same thing. "Hell, yes, we play zone," he says. "The best one, too."

So what we have here is a failure to delineate. Placing all the cards on the table now, face up, it is safe to say that at one time or another everybody in the NBA uses a zone defense. When Bill Walton of Portland floats around the key pretending to be searching for his man when he really is looking for a bit of cucumber extract, that is a zone. When the Washington Bullets pack their front-line monsters inside and shut off access to everything but the Belt Parkway, that is a zone. When the Denver Nuggets abandon their own people to gang-attack a single man as if he had just accused John Denver of being a mass polluter, that, too, could be construed as a zone.

Weak teams use the zone to cut the clock and keep opponents out on the perimeter. Strong teams use it to protect their valuable players when they are in foul trouble. Modling teams use it to alter the flow and style of a game. Everybody tries to use it at the end of a quarter, to force a rushed shot from way outside.

"So why not permit it?" says Pete Newell, the former college and pro coach, who now scouts for the Warriors. "We have the best players and coaches in the world, but we confess we don't play a total game when we have to outlaw a part of basketball which is excellent strategy. People yell 'defense,' they know and appreciate what it means to prevent points being scored. They never yell 'offense.' I say allow all defensive tactics to make this an even better game."

Richie Powers, the senior NBA referee, evidently agreed with Newell on March 1 when he instructed both New Jersey Coach Loughery and Atlanta Coach Brown that he would take no notice of zones the would not warn them, nor call technical fouls against them in a game at Piscataway, N.J., which the Nets won 97-95 (SL March 13). For his action Powers was suspended for three games and fined \$2,500, a small price to pay if Powers' act has anything to do with influencing the rules committee either to strengthen legislation against

zones or, better, to wipe it off the books.

"That rule is like a beard that I've been tripping over for 20 years," says Powers. "I'd like to see the zone allowed in exhibition games, just to see if it is the 'cutting-up-the-game' pariah that the owners think it is. I don't believe it. The 24-second clock was put in to circumvent offenses from holding the ball. Zones would speed up the defense and force the offense to work harder. They would make everything balance out."

Of course, no lawman can take the law into his own hands, but in Powers' landmark test case, Atlanta shot 40.7%, made 29 turnovers and still only lost by two, on a technical foul at the end when the Hawks called a time-out they didn't have. "The so-called zone defenses had no bearing whatsoever on the outcome of the game," said Brown.

Drucker points out that zone warnings are up all around the league, but that only about 20 technicals have been called (on the second warning) for using the zone. That's not even a full week's screaming for Loughery.

"We are working on rewriting the rule to put the onus on the defense to show they are not using a zone," says Drucker. Which makes about as much sense as anything else that the NBA has come up with. In essence, a team will be guilty of breaking a stupid rule until it proves itself innocent. Terrific.

"Language will not mitigate the problem," says Powers.

The league will have to come to some better resolution on this matter by next season or continue to be a laughingstock. The Kansas City Kings recently took a vote on which team has the best zone in the league and one player wrote, "They all do." Houston Coach Tom Nissalke suggests a \$5,000 fine for offenders. Denver Coach Larry Brown, again waving the torn-to-shreds ABA banner, insists a 30-second clock and three-point baskets would waste the zone immediately.

Then again, there is always the question of how really mammoth in importance the subject is anyway. Aside from perhaps helping Hubie Brown become the odds-on favorite for Coach of the Year, has the zone determined division leaders or transformed the balance of power or changed the face of the NBA? "I never saw a team that was winning use a zone," says George (Doc) Gervin, answering everything. "I really ain't paid no attention to none of this."

END



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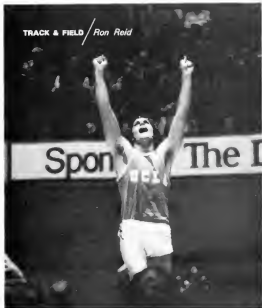
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With his pole vault of 18' 5½" at the NCAA championships, Mike Tully closed out the U.S. indoor season in the same manner he had begun it—setting a world record

An encore on a high note

For a while it looked as if last week's NCAA indoor track championships would turn out to be one of those Detroit products that have to be recalled because of defects. Runners wandered out of lanes and were disqualified, or tumbled out of contention, or performed below par because of injury or sickness, batons clattered unpassed to the floor of Cobo Arena, and coaches suffered severe brain fade. But then, as the two-day meet moved toward its finale on Saturday afternoon, Mike Tully and Franklin Jacobs did their bit for quality control, and the 14th annual meet, as well as the 1978 indoor season, ended up glittering like a custom-finished Caddy.

Tully, the 21-year-old UCLA senior who hopes to become a Hollywood actor, was the biggest star. In true show-

business tradition, his was the final act on the card. Shortly after the last race had been run and Texas-El Paso had claimed yet another NCAA indoor team championship, Tully raised his own world indoor record in the pole vault from 18' 4" to 18' 5½". The performance was the result of what he later critiqued as "a really sloppy vault." He was not being overly modest. Tully had brushed the crossbar as he tucked over it, then landed flat on his back in the pit and watched as the bar continued to bounce vigorously on its support pegs.

"I thought it was going to fall off for sure," Tully said after the bar had quit trembling. In a rush to catch an early flight to Los Angeles—and a good night's sleep before Sunday's UCLA dual meet with Long Beach State—Tully took three

hurried shots at 18' 8¾", a height no vaulter had ever cleared indoors or out. Knocking the bar off with his 1) shins, 2) waist and 3) legs, Tully never came close.

While the pole vault was providing a rousing finale, the crowd of 9,300 got another high out of Jacobs, who was high-jumping three car lengths away from the vaulting pit and alternating world-record attempts with Tully. Making good on a promise he advanced last year, when he could not even clear the opening height of 6' 10", Jacobs won this year's event at 7' 5", breaking the meet record of 7' 3¾" set by UTEP's Greg Joy in 1977.

Jacobs then made two attempts at 7' 8¾", a height that is one inch more than the world record he held until Vladimir Yashchenko broke it with a leap of 7' 8½" the next day at the European indoor championships in Milan. On both tries the 5' 8" Fairleigh Dickinson sophomore knocked the bar off with his back, but it is doubtful that the crowd would have been more appreciative had he succeeded. The proximity of the two athletes in their world-record quests riveted attention, raised goosebumps and commanded dead silence as few track meets ever do. And the fact that the stars of the final act were two Americans also helped.

Which brings us to UTEP, a team loaded with runners from Kenya, which has won the NCAA team championship four times in the past five years. Last season, however, Washington State won the title by half a point over the Miners, thanks in large part to Henry Rono and Samson Kimombwa who are also Kenyan. With Rono and Kimombwa weakened by flu, the Cougars were not in contention for the team title last week, instead, the surprise challenger was Auburn Villanova, which had been expected to be UTEP's chief rival, wound up third because of a series of mistakes that should leave it thankful for a finish in the top five.

UTEP scored 33 of its 44 points on Friday, when foreign athletes took the first five events and finished 1-2-3-4-5 in the three-mile run, won by John Treacy of Providence and Ireland. UTEP scored 16 points in the race with a second, third

continued

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TRACK & FIELD continued

and fifth (team points are awarded on a 10-8-6-4-2-1 basis). In addition to the continuing excellence of foreign athletes, the day was noteworthy for the rash of bad breaks that dogged every contending team. Thus, UTEP's Emmitt Berry, hampered by a sore knee, was four feet under his season's best in the 35-pound-weight throw and scored but a single point. The Miners also lost sprinter Jerome Deal to a false-start disqualification and saw Steve Hanna fail to qualify by 1/4" in the triple jump, an event won by defending champion Ian Campbell of Washington State. An Australian, Campbell leaped 55' 8 1/4" for a meet record. But in general, the Cougars seemed bent on giving away their title. They lost Jeff Ramsey to a false start in the 600 trials and had two vaulters fail to qualify before the ailing Kimombwa, the world-record holder in the 10,000, dropped out of the three mile after 22 laps.

For really rotten luck, however, no team was a match for Villanova. The Wildcats' first misfortune came in the fifth heat of the 600 trials when Glenn Bogue, who figured to place high in the event, was disqualified for running out of his lane on the first turn. Later that night Villanova held a 30-yard lead in a mile relay trial when freshman Anthony Tufarelli, running the second leg, tripped and fell 15 yards short of the second baton pass. Bogue went out of the exchange zone to pick up the dropped stick and the Wildcats went on to win the heat, but were disqualified because of the infraction. It was indicative of Villanova's frustration that some of the Wildcats argued against their disqualification by pointing out to unimpressed officials that they had not gained any advantage or interfered with anybody.

Villanova's only break of the meet came that same day when trial heats in the two-mile relay were cancelled owing to the paucity of entrants. That eased the work load for Mark Belger, who won the 880 in 1:49.13, then came back the following day to anchor the Wildcats' two-mile relay team to second place. Belger, whose 880 triumph was his 13th straight indoors at that distance or at 1,000 yards since 1976, had been optimistic about his team's title chances before it all went smash. His hopes were not without foundation. The week before, the Wildcats had won the IC4A title. But Villanova's

continued

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TRACK & FIELD continued

only other quality performance came Saturday in the 1,000 when Don Paige held off Oklahoma's Randy Wilson in the stretch to win by .01 of a second in 2:07.88.

Overlooked on most dope sheets, Auburn got 10 points Friday when Willie Smith, the meet's first American winner, repeated as 440 champion in 48.28 seconds—the exact time he had run in 1977. Auburn finished with 38 points and might have overtaken UTEP Saturday had Harvey Galance, its world-class dash man, been fit, but the repetitive demands of the final, quarterfinal and semifinal heats in the 60 proved too much for the ankle he had sprained earlier this month and he didn't make it to the finals. The event was won in 6.15 seconds by Texas A&M's Curtis Dickey, a 225-pound running back who gained 978 yards during the football season.

UTEP's point total might also have been bigger had Coach Ted Banks selected someone other than Peter Lemashon to anchor his two-mile relay team. Because of a foul-up in registration, Lemashon was ineligible, although neither Banks nor Lemashon was aware of it. Lemashon made up three places in the last 5½ laps to give his mates what looked like a championship-clinching victory, but when his status became known, the UTEP relay team was disqualified. It then was left to James Munyala to nail down the title in the mile. He did so with a win in 3:59.81, his first sub-four-minute effort. The 25-year-old Kenyan, who has won the NCAA steeplechase three times, got an unexpected assist going into the gun lap from East Tennessee's Ray Flynn and Arkansas' Niall O'Shaughnessy, who seemed more intent on muscling each other to the outside than on running. They left room enough on the inside for Munyala to zip past both of them.

"It was my intention to try to pass on the outside down the last straightaway," Munyala said, "but there was nowhere I could go but in. This is only my third mile indoors, and I don't know the tactics all that well yet."

Munyala's victory gave foreigners seven individual NCAA championships, while U.S. athletes recovered from their slow start to win eight events. The meet hardly could have ended better for Detroit, a city with no great love for imports.



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Even the once-great Newk could not prevent a U.S. rout in the World Cup

The Aussies bomb in New Haven

Back in the days before graphite, and before Guillermo Vilas' poetry was published, Australia ruled the tennis courts, winning 15 of 18 Davis Cups in a stretch and taking five of the first six World Cups. But the sun even set on the British Empire, and the team Australia brought to New Haven for the ninth edition of the tournament was doddering by tennis standards, the average age of the five players being just under 30 years. Asked if there were any Aussie equivalents of John McEnroe on the horizon, New-

combe replied, "There might be some 15-year-olds."

The plight of the Australians was well illustrated in a match between Roscoe Tanner and Tony Roche on Friday evening. Gottfried had dispatched John Alexander 7-5, 6-4 in the tournament's opening match the night before, and Connors had just beaten a soft-balling Newcombe. Even so, the Aussies were banking on a victory against Tanner, felt they were stronger in the upcoming doubles and, despite trailing 2-0, still were full of fight and had fans yelling encouragement. Then Tanner demolished a red-faced and paunchy Roche, blasting eight aces past his 32-year-old opponent, who was on wobbly legs at the finish. Tanner never faced a break point in a demoralizing 6-4, 6-2 victory. When someone mentioned to Australian Coach Fred Stolle that disaster seemed imminent, he concurred: "I'd say it's just around the corner."

Consider how far the U.S. has come in tennis in the past few years. First, forget for a moment its recent failures in Davis Cup play. Then look at the latest rankings, which put five U.S. players among the world's top 10—and their average age is 25 years. Thus, when the second-oldest of the five, Dick Stockton, 27—Eddie Dibbs is all of two weeks older—had to withdraw from the World Cup team because of a back injury, Captain Dennis Ralston was hardly concerned even though two of America's best, Vitas Gerulaitis and Dibbs, were practicing for the upcoming Davis Cup match with South Africa. Ralston simply called on Tanner, certainly the best No. 6 man for any country, ever.

Ralston deserves a large measure of credit for the World Cup victory. For the last five months he has worked extensively with both Tanner and Gottfried, serving as their coach, trainer and guru. Ralston has given Tanner a backhand and, some say, Gottfried a personality. During a television interview last

continued

The wisdom of holding free elections was in dispute at the Aetna World Cup tennis tournament as the U.S. utterly destroyed Australia in New Haven, Conn. last week. A year ago sentimental cup fans had voted to continue with the graying overmatched Aussies as opponents rather than matching the U.S. against the rest of the world. The Australians also displayed a lack of judgment. They should have demanded a recount.

Coming upon the wreckage of this once great team from Down Under, an outsider might have taken a look at the remains and shuddered. "They never had a chance." And very few break points. The annihilation was so complete that the Yanks did not lose a set until the first doubles match on Saturday, by which time they already had celebrated with champagne, having an insurmountable 4-0 lead in the best-of-seven series. The U.S. team went on to win for the third year in a row, this time 6-1.

Broadway once routinely used New Haven as a theatrical proving ground, testing new vehicles to determine if they could play Times Square. Last week John Newcombe came to the New Haven Veterans Memorial Coliseum eager to learn if his 1978 comeback had any fan appeal. The last in a long line of Australian stars, Newcombe at 33 is trying to return after a layoff for a year because of various injuries, including a broken ankle, but the World Cup did nothing but damage his pride. The bellwether of the Australian squad lost two singles matches, one to his longtime nemesis Jimmy Connors, the other to Brian Gottfried, by the identical scores of 6-4, 6-4, and afterward grouched that they might not have him to kick around anymore. "If you don't see a tougher John Newcombe by Wimbledon," he said, "you may not see him again. I'm not going to go on like this."

The question for the Australians is: Where have all the young men gone?

week a loquacious Gottfried said he was so happy that he could talk forever, thereby endangering his self-assessment as "the designated runner-up," meaning the best player in America after Jimmy Connors but still almost unknown outside his immediate family. For Ralston, the irony of this is that he was replaced in 1976 as Davis Cup coach, a position he still covets, partly because of a series of embarrassing losses that since have become routine, and partly because Connors refused to play Davis Cup with Ralston as the coach. "That mostly was a dispute between our agents, not between Jimmy and myself," says Ralston now.

Indeed, he nodded serenely on the sidelines as Connors picked apart Newcombe, whose strategy was to try to win on guile and experience, hitting only about three shots that did not look as if they belonged at a country club. "I just snicker to myself over that stuff now," said Connors of the slow-ball routine. "I've become a patient little guy." But still feisty. When Newcombe did a jug in

appreciation of a good shot early in the match, Connors warned in a booming voice, "We've got a long way to go." By the end of the match Newcombe's mood was less expansive. Irritated by Connors' renowned stalling tactics, he took to alternately glowering at his opponent and holding his head in his hands. "It's the most frustrating thing I've ever experienced," he said the next day.

Newcombe's mood was darkened further by the knowledge that in his two tournaments before the World Cup, he had lost in the first round, once to Bob Lutz, once to Tim Gullikson. "I'll tell you one thing," said Connors of Newk's situation, "I won't be around when I'm his age. Maybe I'll take up golf and get my PGA card."

Throughout the week the Americans acted like a big, happy family, agreeing that it was great to be playing for their country, rooting for each other and slapping palms, doing what Gottfried called "our basketball routine." They also noted the Aussies' traditional resoluteness,

despite cracked, dry lips and no water holes in sight. "They never give up," cautioned Tanner. However, the denouement occurred on Saturday when Gottfried whipped Newcombe, despite the fact that Newk played his serve-and-volley game to perfection. That made Bob Lutz and Stan Smith's ensuing 6-2, 4-6, 6-4 victory in the doubles over Phil Dent and Alexander noteworthy only because the Yanks lost a set.

On Sunday, after Connors dismissed Alexander in the last singles match 6-2, 6-4, Newcombe and Roche teamed in the doubles against Tanner and Gottfried. The Aussies were desperate, edgy enough to complain when a spectator began munching a sandwich, and played as if it were for the cup instead of for the dregs, running down balls on used-up, tired legs. They needed two tie breakers to do it, but won 7-6, 7-6, throwing their arms skyward after match point. Even so, a moral victory seemed a bit sad because next time they'll be a year older and there's no help at home. **END**

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SEND IN THE CLOWN

Max Baer could bust them up with a right hand and then break them up with laughter, but his boxing career was overshadowed by tragedy

by Ron Fimrite

He had few qualifications for his job. He did not emerge snarling with resentment from a ghetto, nor was his childhood lost in the bowels of some coal mine or steel mill. He was predominantly German on his father's side of the family, Scotch-Irish on his mother's, but no ethnic fires flamed in his far from savage breast. Although in the latter stages of his boxing career he wore the Star of David on his trunks, he was only a quarter Jewish, by virtue of a paternal grandfather. He was reared on farms by parents so loving that the children kissed them goodbye before journeys no more venturesome than to the town pharmacy. He was such a timid youngster that he refused to fight when challenged by his schoolmates, sending forth his older sister as surrogate belligerent. By his own recollection, he did not hit another person until he was in his late teens, and then not in anger but in self-defense. Boy and man, he sought only to amuse. He seems, like Sabatini's Scaramouche, to have been "born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world was mad." Above all else, he was a lover, not a fighter.

continued

MAX BAER continued



Making like a muttony idiot, Baer joins champ Primo Carnera and producer E. J. Mannix at MGM Studios.

That such a man should have become heavyweight champion of the world and a principal in some of the ring's bloodiest conflicts, including one—purportedly two—that brought about the death of an opponent is one of the most remarkable paradoxes in the history of sport. In all probability, there never has been a fighter so contradictory in nature as Max Baer, and this is written with full knowledge that Muhsinmud Ali is equal parts jester and assassin. Forty years before Ali occupied center stage, Max Baer was entertaining and confounding ringsiders with routines that seemed more appropriate to musical comedy than to the squared circle. Unlike Ali, Baer was invariably the butt of his own japey, and if he was not the fighter Ali is—or was—he could, as they say, sure bust you up with a right hand.

Fighting at a time when only the most pedestrian of journalists addressed pugilists by their given names, Baer accumulated more nicknames than any fighter before or since. It is a tribute to this infinite variety that he was the Livermore Larruper, the Livermore Butcher Boy, Madcap Maxie, the Larruping Lothario of Pugilism, the Pugilistic Posseur, the Clouting Clown, the Playboy of Pugilism and the Fistic Harlequin. He provided lively newspaper copy, for he was the most quotable of boxers: in all likelihood, the most quotable of athletes. When ex-champion Jack Dempsey, working in Baer's corner during his fight with Joe Louis, advised him not to worry because "he hasn't hit you yet, kid," Baer turned dolefully to Dempsey and, through bloodied lips, replied, "Then you better keep an eye on Arthur Donovan [the referee] because somebody in there is beating hell out of me."

Still, as many fans and newsmen as Baer delighted, he antagonized an equal number. For those who took seriously this most serious of all sports, Baer was outrageous. He had a magnificent 6' 2½", 210-pound physique, with "airplane-width" shoulders, a broad chest, a 32-inch waist and long, smoothly muscled arms. He could take a punch as well as any heavyweight, and there are those who say he hit harder with a right hand than anyone who ever fought. When it was fashionable among fight people to sculpt in the imagination the composite boxer—Louis' jab, Dempsey's left hook, etc.—the right hand was invariably Baer's. But he seemed to do his roadwork on nightclub dance floors, and his sparring was mostly verbal. His training camps—in boxing tradition, hideaways as free of merriment as Montserrat—were like borscht circuit resorts, with Max as social chairman. Against the fiercest opponents he often fought indifferently and with the detachment of one reviewing a performance instead of performing. "Did the people enjoy it?" he would inquire after the battle.

In 1935 Baer lost his championship to the Cinderella Man, James J. Braddock, a 10–1 underdog, in one of the biggest upsets in ring history. He clowning through much of this desultory bout, grimacing in imitation of the movie tough guy, hitching up his pants, chatting amiably with ring-side spectators. After one glancing Braddock blow, he performed a rubber-legged dance that Chaplin might have en-

vied. All the while, the plodding, desperate challenger, fresh off the relief rolls, was collecting the points that would win him boxing's richest prize. As if the comedy in the ring were not enough, Baer could josh about the defeat afterward. Complaining that he had been literally handicapped—he had injured his right hand in training—he quipped, "My punches hurt me more than they did Braddock."

But there were occasions when Baer looked as if no man alive could survive in the ring with him. Max Schmeling was among the finest of heavyweights, an ex-champion, later the first conqueror of Joe Louis. On June 8, 1933, in the searing heat of Yankee Stadium, Baer knocked out Schmeling in the 10th round of a fight that earned the winner a chance at the title. Schmeling went down in that final round from a picture-perfect right that left him squirming on the canvas. He regained his feet, but the fight was quickly stopped. Baer won the championship easily, knocking down Primo Carnera 11 times in 11 rounds before the fight was halted. Even with so much on the line, he remained Mad-cap Maxie, remarking to the champion after he had been dragged down by him after an exchange, "Last one up is a sissy."

"Max hated fighting," says Mary Ellen Baer, his widow. "How he ever hit anybody, I'll never know. He wouldn't even strike his own children. All he wanted to do was entertain people. I can't imagine a person as soft as he was becoming champion of the world. He was so kind. He had no mean streak at all."

"He was one lovable bastard," says Tom Gallery, who promoted some of Baer's fights in the Los Angeles Olympic in the early '30s. "He's the last person you'd ever expect to be a fighter. Why, he'd be clowning around 10 minutes before a fight. But, oh, what he could have been."

"It is incongruous that such a gentle, ingratiating man should have been a fighter," says Alan Ward, former sports editor of the *Oakland Tribune*, who was on the boxing beat at the start of Baer's career in the San Francisco Bay Area. "I remember when he was training for an important fight up at Frank Globin's resort at Lake Tahoe. My God, now that I think about it, it might even have been the early part of his training for Carnera. Anyway, he did about three weeks of pretty tough work. He had his brother Buddy with him and his trainer, Mike Cantwell. Max was actually working hard. This was for the championship, mind you. Then one night the phone in my room rang and it was Max. 'Let's go to Reno,' he says. I protested, but after all, it wasn't too far and I was a newspaperman, so I said O.K. Well, we hit some spots Max wasn't much of a drinker, but he liked the atmosphere in the clubs. Word got out that he was in town, so he had an audience wherever he went. All night long he entertained, dancing and singing. At daybreak he was leading the band at one of the all-night places—I believe it might have been a brothel. All this while training for a big fight. When we got back to Globin's, there like the portrait of doom stood his trainer, Cantwell. Max went out and did his roadwork without saying a word."

The ring was Max Baer's stage. He was a farm boy who glowed in crowds, the lights, the action. The business of the ring, the actual fighting, was an intrusion to be gotten over with. Fighting was a means of making easy and quick money, and the farm boy coveted fast cars, fancy clothes and fast and fancy women. His career, 1929-41, exactly spanned the years of the Great Depression, a time when many a poor but strong young man turned in desperation to boxing as a livelihood. Boxers in the Depression were often the protagonists of plays and films, portrayed not so much as Neanderthals but as sensitive victims of the system. The fighters in *Golden Boy*, *City for Conquest*, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* and even *The Prizefighter and the Lady*, featuring Myrna Loy and Max Baer, were not primitives. Before the seamer side of the business became exploitable dramatically, boxing could be made to appear the stuff of romance.

Baer discovered rather late in his youth that fighting was something he could do well. It did not immediately occur to him that a price for his prowess would be exacted. He would not pay in physical injury as so many others had, but in something deeper—mental anguish.

Max Baer was born Feb. 11, 1909 in Omaha. His father, Jacob, was a hatcher of distinction, capable of dressing a 1,300-pound steer in three minutes and 36 seconds, a time he recorded in a contest in Denver, where the family had moved. When Max was in his teens, Jacob took the family to California, first to Galt, then to a hog ranch he had leased near Livermore, 45 miles east of San Francisco. There were four Baer children—Frances, the oldest, Max, Bernice and Jacob (Buddy), who would himself become a heavyweight contender. There was also Augie Silva, a Portuguese immigrant, a year younger than Max, who worked with the boys on the ranch and eventually took the Baer name as his own.

According to family legend, Max did not learn to fight until he was wrongfully accused of stealing a bottle of wine from a tough steepjack in an argument outside a Livermore dance hall. The accuser popped teen-ager Max on the chin, and Max laughed, mostly, he said later, because he was glad he was still alive. When the steepjack tried another punch, Max knocked him kicking with a single right-hand haymaker. It was a heady moment for a boy who had believed himself a coward and, the Baers say, it was the making of a heavyweight champion. Encouraged by his family and friends, Max bought a punching bag for \$25 in Oakland and set up a gym in an abandoned building on the ranch. With his newfound confidence and the conviction that the ring offered better wages than did slaughtering hogs, he sought counsel from the savants of "Bash Boulevard," a three-block stretch of Franklin Street in downtown Oakland where the fight crowd congregated.

"He looked like an Adams," recalls Joe Herman, boxing's current elder statesman in the Bay Area. "But he was

continued

just a big inexperienced kid. Still, with that build, everybody wanted to help him." Baer's first bona fide manager was J. Hamilton Lorimer, once his employer at the Atlas Diesel Engine Works in Oakland. As a tutor, Lorimer hired Bob McAllister, a fistic classicist who, like Gentleman Jim Corbett before him, had represented the San Francisco Olympic Club as a heavyweight. Although his sensibilities were frequently offended by his wild-swinging protégé, McAllister persevered with his lessons, contriving somehow to teach him a passable left hook. Baer made his professional debut early in 1929 with a second-round knockout of Chief Caniboo in Stockton. Fighting primarily out of that California valley city and Oakland, he quickly accumulated a string of 12 knockouts. He advanced from the Stockton rings to the Arcadia Pavilion in Oakland and to the even more capacious Oakland Auditorium. His first fight outside the Bay Area was a 10-round decision over Ernie Owens in Los Angeles on April 22, 1930. The victory itself was no more impressive than the contract-signing ceremony that preceded it. Baer arrived for this event in a limousine, driven by a chauffeur and attended by a footman. He stepped out of the car dressed as if riding to hounds. "I knew then," says Gallery, "that Max Baer was a little different from the ordinary guy."

Baer's reputation as a murderous puncher and bon vivant spread throughout California. He was now a drawing card, and his fight with Jack Linkhorn on May 28, 1930, transferred from the Arcadia to the Auditorium, drew a sellout crowd. Linkhorn, winner of 18 consecutive fights by knockout, was knocked out by Baer in the first round. The winner's purse of \$7,500 was Max's biggest. He went through it in a flash, for even at 21 he was a prodigious spender. In later life this largesse would assume the form of extravagant generosity; in these early years, he simply spent what he made on himself and his parents. He was frequently in debt, and to keep solvent he devised the ultimately pound-poor scheme of selling pieces of himself to various investors. When a final accounting was attempted to determine who owned what of him, lawsuits fairly fluttered through the courtrooms, some filed by Baer himself. But neither litigants nor creditors could dunt his high spirits. Baer moved his family off the hog ranch into a fine house in Piedmont where all the East Bay swells lived, and there were cars and clothes and girls by the score for him. He was the toughest man in town and the handsomest, a recognizable figure on the streets, a big, cheerful, curly-haired kid with a loud and infectious laugh.

At the same time, Baer was arousing the interest of men of stature in boxing, including Ancil Hoffman, a gnarled, tight-fisted avocado grower and fight promoter from Sacramento. What Baer needed, Hoffman concluded, was one more major local fight before tackling the Eastern promoters. He decided to match him with Frankie Campbell, a tough San Francisco heavyweight, in an outdoor bout on Aug. 25, 1930 at Recreation Park, home of the San Francisco Seals Pacific Coast League baseball team. Hoffman

saw the fight as a bridge to the East. As it turned out, it was a plunge into despair.

Frankie Campbell, born Francisco Camilli, was an Italian from San Francisco's Glen Park neighborhood, the brother of a promising first baseman with the Sacramento Solons. Dolph Camilli, later, as a Brooklyn Dodger, the National League's Most Valuable Player. Campbell was a crowd pleaser, a busy mixer in the ring who had enjoyed recent successes in Los Angeles. In his last L.A. bout, he had been knocked down twice in the second round by Tom Kirby before he knocked Kirby out in the third. Campbell was not a big heavyweight, but he hit with authority and he was considered most dangerous when he seemed hurt, because his favorite tactic was playing possum. He and his wife Elsie were new parents, so, though his ambitions were not as grand as Baer's, he, too, looked forward to the big purse an outdoor bout promised.

Campbell had not looked good in training for Baer. The San Francisco Chronicle's Harry B. Smith, visiting his quarters in the Dolph Thomas gym, wrote prophetically, "Frankie had better not leave himself as open to attack in the ring with Baer, for it may prove disastrous to him." Baer, too, had looked dismal in his sparring sessions. He always did. But in 1930, he was in superb condition and he knew, as Smith had written, that this was a make-or-break fight for him.

Campbell had appeared lighter in training than the 185 pounds his manager, Carol Working, had said he would weigh for the fight. In fact, he weighed only 179—to Baer's 194—and this aroused some speculation that he might have been ill before the fight. But his handlers insisted he was in top condition. At the weigh-in, both fighters were admonished by the State Athletic Commission to "keep fighting as long as the other man is on his feet."

San Francisco is seldom warm in August, particularly in the evening, when the afternoon fog has settled on the hills, but Recreation Park, at 15th and Valencia Streets, was situated in the relatively wind- and fog-free Mission District, then as now, the best place in town to watch sports outdoors. "Old Rec," as the ballpark was called, had been built of lumber and chicken wire in 1907, the year after the great earthquake and fire, and when the wind blew, it creaked like a fence gate. By 1930 it was considered obsolete. The following year the Seals would move into the modern Seals Stadium, so that the Campbell-Baer fight would be one of the last major sporting events to be held there. A crowd of between 15,000 and 20,000 showed up on an unreasonably balmy evening to watch the two young heavyweights.

Campbell was the aggressor in the first round, eluding Baer's right hand and scoring with his shorter, crisper punches. Near the end of the round, however, Baer dropped him with a looping right to the jaw. Campbell took a count of nine and did not seem seriously hurt. In the second, Campbell stung Baer with a left to the ribs and Max went

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MAX BAER

down. He protested to Referee Toby Irwin that he had merely slipped, and Irwin agreed, motoring him back into action. Campbell, meanwhile, had not retreated to a neutral corner as he would have been required to do in the event of a knockdown. Instead, he had strolled to the ring ropes and, inexplicably, began staring out at the crowd. As Baer regained his feet, a photographer's flashbulb exploded in his eyes, momentarily blurring his vision. He said later that Campbell appeared to him as only a shadow figure. Campbell was still gazing abstractedly as Baer advanced on him. He turned just as Baer caught him with a right to the side of the head. The blow stunned Campbell, but he held on and survived the round. Between rounds, he was heard to confide to his second, Tom (Garceseball) Maloney, "Something feels like it broke in my head."

But Campbell fought well in the next two rounds, staying even in the third and clearly winning the fourth. He was ahead on some scorecards in the fifth when Baer, the right-handed slugger, surprised him with a whistling left hook to the jaw. Campbell slumped back into the ropes in a neutral corner as Baer, sensing his opportunity but wary of possum-playing, belabored him with a succession of powerful punches to the head. Campbell did not go down. He could not, for the ring ropes were supporting him. With his opponent still on his feet, Baer kept punching. One of the blows caused Campbell's head to smash against the metal turnbuckle that joined the ropes with the ring posts. Still, he did not go down. The furious assault could not have lasted more than a few seconds, but it seemed to ringers like minutes before Irwin stepped in and pulled the flailing Baer away. As he did so, Campbell slumped unconscious to the canvas. A count was unnecessary. As flashbulbs popped, Irwin held Baer's hand aloft, while Campbell's seconds worked frantically to revive him. Baer helped them carry him to his stool.

The photograph of Baer that appeared in the morning *Chronicle* showed him smiling as winners are supposed to, but it was accompanied by a story saying that as of one o'clock in the morning, Frankie Campbell "lay in St. Joseph's Hospital still insensible." Dr. Frank Sheehy of the hospital staff told reporters the fighter had suffered extensive brain damage and that "the outlook is very dark." Smith's story of the fight portrayed Baer as a vicious lighter. "He [Campbell] was ready to drop, but Baer continued to rain in blows to an unprotected jaw and against a man who was already knocked out. Campbell was dead to the world and stayed in that unconscious condition as Irwin raised Baer's hand and posed for the picture of the winner."

After he had showered, Baer asked Hoffman if he might visit Campbell in his dressing room and wish him well. "Frankie isn't in the room yet," Hoffman told him. "He's still in the ring." In fact, Campbell lay in the ring for a full half hour after the fight while an ambulance from nearby Mission Emergency Hospital threaded through traffic to the ball park. Baer went to the family home in Piedmont secure in the knowledge he had won an im-

portant fight, unaware that his opponent lay near death.

Early the next morning Baer received a phone call from the hospital. Campbell was not expected to live, and the police were asking for him. Baer replaced the receiver and turned to his family. "He just stood there, tears as big as golf balls rolling down his cheeks," Angie Baer recalls. "All the heart seemed to go right out of him then. Max had himself driven to the hospital where he encountered Campbell's wife, who generously absolved him of blame. 'It could have been you,' she told him. He could barely speak in reply."

The fight officially ended Monday at 10:34 p.m. Frankie Campbell, age 26, died at 11:35 a.m. Tuesday of a double cerebral hemorrhage. Baer surrendered that afternoon to San Francisco Police Captain Fred Lennon at the Hotel Whitcomb. The bail of \$10,000, set by Superior Court Judge George H. Cabaniss, was the highest ever for a charge of



manslaughter in San Francisco. Baer spent much of that day in jail before Hoffman arrived with the bail money.

The manslaughter charge was eventually and properly dismissed. That any such action should have been contemplated was in itself extraordinary, considering the circumstances of Campbell's death. Baer had operated within the rules of the prize ring. His opponent was still standing, and the referee had not stopped the fight. To quit punching under these conditions would have been to ignore the athletic commission's admonition. Still, Baer was vilified in the press as a dirty fighter. By striking Campbell from behind in the second round, an act that some were now—inaccurately—claiming was the beginning of the end, he had acted in an unsportsmanlike manner, the newspapers agreed. Working, Campbell's manager, insisted that Irwin should have declared his fighter the winner on a foul at that very moment. But Irwin had waved Baer back into action after his

slip, and it was Campbell's responsibility, as it is every boxer's, to protect himself at all times. And if Campbell had been seriously injured by this "sneak punch," how was it possible, then, for him to have fought so effectively in the two succeeding rounds? And why hadn't Working thrown in the towel when his man was so obviously in trouble in the fifth, if he was so solicitous of his well-being? For the public, the fact remained that Baer had hit a man almost from behind and had continued to hit him when he was literally out on his feet. The affectionate nickname Livermore Butcher Boy, derived from Baer's former vocation, now took on a sinister connotation.

Baer was also the victim of an atmosphere of hysteria, fanned vigorously by William Randolph Hearst's flagship newspaper, the *San Francisco Examiner*. Campbell was the second boxer to die in a San Francisco ring within a week. On the previous Thursday, Johnny Anderson, an 18-year-old in his second professional bout, died after being knocked out the night before in National Hall by Reinhart (Red) Racht. In a city with a proud ring history, dating at least to Gentleman Jim, boxing was suddenly in bad odor. The *Examiner*, which two years earlier campaigned unsuccessfully to abolish boxing in California, took up the cudgel again. An unsigned news story on the front page set the tone for a second—equally unsuccessful—anti-boxing drive. "The legalized prize-ring butchery, which the laws of California sanction under the name of 'boxing,' yesterday claimed another human victim, the second within a week."

Irwin testified before the athletic commission that Baer had acted within the rules and that he (Irwin) had moved as quickly as possible to stop the fight. Campbell's death was an unfortunate accident. The commission must not have agreed, because it suspended both Baer and Irwin for one year and, for good measure, the managers and seconds of both fighters, nine persons in all.

To Max Baer the suspension was hardly the real punishment. That came from the terrible knowledge that he had killed a man with his fists. In newspaper accounts of his appearances in the courts and at Campbell's funeral, he was described as "white-faced," "trembling," a "ghost-like" figure with "lips pressed tightly and nervously together." He took up smoking. He suffered nightmares. He announced his retirement from the ring, only to be persuaded by Hoffman, his manager to him, to take some time off and think things out. He had not killed anyone deliberately, Hoffman told him. It had been an accident, the kind that can happen in a business as brutal as prizefighting. But as a fighter, as a man, Max Baer would never be the same.

"Nothing that ever happened to me—nothing that can happen to me—affected me like the death of Frankie Camp-

Continued



A publicity shot from the 1933 film *"The Prizefighter and the Lady"* from left to right, former heavyweight champ Jess Willard, Baer, W. S. Van Dyke, the director, ex-champ James J. Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, and camera



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MAX BAER continued

bell." Baer said after he had won the heavyweight championship. It was almost a week after the fight before I could get more than an hour or so of successive sleep. Every slightest detail would come racing back to mind and I couldn't blot from my eyes the last scene—Frank is unconscious in the ring his handlers working on him. And then the news that he was dying—dead."

Significantly the severest criticism directed at Max Baer as fighter in years to come was that he lacked the killer instinct required of great boxers. His son Max Jr. recalls a conversation he had not long ago with one of his father's old opponents, Lou Nova. "Lou told me that my father hit him with the hardest body punch he'd ever taken. He said he was practically paralyzed there for a moment. But when he looked around, there was my dad, hitching up his pants the way he always did, mugging away at the crowd, laughing, doing everything but follow up. Lou recovered and gave him a helluva beating."

"After Frankie Campbell," said Buddy Baer, "the clowning started. It was something to do instead of fighting."

Baer did not retire from boxing after the Campbell tragedy, but in his next few bouts he fought almost as if he had wandered into the ring by chance. His punches lacked power, and he seemed even less concerned than usual with protecting himself. He lost four of the next six fights. Ancil Huffman, who had taken over as Max's manager two months after Campbell's death, commented in March 1931, "I'm afraid the Campbell affair left its imprint on Baer, and that is something he will have to forget if he is to go far in the fight game. In all of his New York engagements Max failed to show the aggressive spirit that made him so popular on the Coast. I would say it affected his fighting considerably."

After the manslaughter charges were dropped, Max took Huffman's advice and left for Reno, a favorite city, where the nightclubs and casinos never closed, the perfect place for a man who was barely sleeping at all. He gambled and drank a little, though never seriously, and he met a woman, one Dorothy Dunbar Wells de Garson of New York City, a sometime actress and frequent wife, then seeking divorce. She was pretty enough, though years older than Max and, by his stan-

dards, chic and sophisticated. She charmed him and, to whatever degree was possible, helped free him of depression. But she could not make him fight well. She watched him lose to Ernie Schaaf in Madison Square Garden on Dec. 19, 1930, his first fight after Campbell. There was a grim irony in Schaaf being the opponent, for he, too, would die in the ring.

Baer's reputation as a fighter was scarcely damaged by the Campbell incident, indeed, fans in the Eastern arenas were clamoring to see so lethal a boxer. They were grievously disappointed to discover that the killer they had paid to watch was so tame he seemed afraid to throw a punch. The turning point came on Feb. 6, 1931, when Tommy Loughran, a master boxer, easily outpointed Baer in Madison Square Garden. Baer was so inept that ringside spectators began ragging him mercilessly, reviving at least the absent sense of humor. At one juncture in his hopeless pursuit of the elusive Loughran, he turned to a tormenting fan and shouted, "I'd like to see you try and hit this guy." Baer was so fascinated with Loughran's technical brilliance that he called on him in his dressing room after the fight to suggest they have lunch together the next day. Loughran, amused and flattered, accepted the invitation. Baer's trouble, aside from his curious reluctance to cut loose, was that he was keeping his punches. Loughran told him. A clever boxer had no difficulty avoiding these tentative, telegraphed bombs. If he seriously contemplated remaining in the ring, Baer should forget about his past and learn a few basic skills. The man who could teach him most about shortening his punches happened to have refereed their fight. Fellow name of Dempsey.

The two fighters called on Jack Dempsey that very afternoon, and to Baer's astonishment, the old champion seemed interested in his plight. Baer was not on his way back yet—he would lose to Johnny Risko in May, to Paulino Uzcudun in July—but he acquired Dempsey as a teacher, and Hoffman was at last unraveling his tangled financial affairs. Dorothy Dunbar was attending to his heart, and she and Max were married in Reno on July 8, 1931. The marriage lasted barely two years, but Max at least was on his feet again. After Uzcudun, he won

12 fights in a row, six by knockout.

In Chicago, On Aug. 31, 1932, he fought a rematch with Schaaf, who was now a leading contender. It was a punishing, nearly even bout entering the 10th and final round. Neither man had been down; Schaaf, for that matter, had never been knocked off his feet in the ring. Then, five seconds before the final bell, Baer caught him with a long right to the chin, which he followed with a brief flurry of punches. Schaaf dropped to the canvas. Referee Tommy Thomas did not bother to count, declaring Baer the winner by decision, although Schaaf was still unconscious. Schaaf died six months later after being knocked out by Carrera in the 13th round at Madison Square Garden, felled by a punch so lightly thrown that ringsiders began chanting, "Fake!" as he lay mortally stricken. In footnoting Schaaf's death, *Ring* record books have long included the gratuitous phrase, "badly injured in his fight with Max Baer," the implication being that Baer had claimed a second victim. The killer reputation would not die, although the Carrera fight was Schaaf's fifth after Baer.

Baer fought only one time in 1933, against Schmeling, before 60,000 in Yankee Stadium. By this time, the 27-year-old Schmeling was being promoted as a personal favorite of the new German chancellor, Adolf Hitler. Schmeling was an athlete, not a politician, and a German, not a Nazi, but for the first time Baer pointedly wore the Star of David on his boxing trunks. The ring's ethnic scholars, including the late Nat Fleischer, never considered Baer a "Jewish fighter," a slight that rankled his Scotch-Irish mother, Dora. Exaggerating a bit, she told Bay Area reporters, "You can tell those people in New York that Maxie has got a Jewish father, and if that doesn't make him Jewish enough for them, I don't know what will."

This night it did not matter how much of him was Jewish. Normally friendly to a fault with all of his opponents, he regarded Schmeling as his first bona fide enemy. Weighing a svelte 203 pounds, Baer fought the fight of his young life. Still, in the first round he walked into a right hand that left him seeing more than one Schmeling. "I see three of

him," he told Dempsey between rounds. The Manassa Mauler's sage counsel in reply is now part of ring lexicon: "Hit the one in the middle." Baer did and clinched a title shot.

Nineteen thirty-three was a vintage Baer year. The Schmeling victory had made him a national hero. Dorothy Dunbar divorced him in Mexico, leaving him free—actually, freer—to roam. He made *The Prizefighter and the Lady* and became an instant success with the Hollywood crowd. He was a boulevardier, a rake, a man about town. His love affairs were conducted on the grand scale. He was sued for breach of promise by an old girl friend, who told reporters she loved him so much she would "crawl on my hands and knees from Livermore to Oakland," a 35-mile journey over hilly terrain. A showgirl named Shirley La Belle accused him of making untoward advances in a New York hotel room. He was linked with June Knight, the Broadway star, and with café society ladies Mary Kirk Brown and Edna Dunham, the latter immortalized in the press as his "hoty-poty-chu." Although Hoffman watched over his resources with a banker's eye, Max spent and gave away money as quickly as it was doled out to him. He would pass out \$5 bills on skid row and buy and deliver groceries for poor families. "He'd beg Pop [Hoffman] for \$250," Maudie Hoffman recalls, "then give it away to some down-and-outers waiting at the gate." "Max had a heart bigger than his body," says Buddy Baer. "He actually gave people the clothes off his back."

Early in 1934 he met Mary Ellen Sullivan, who managed the coffee shop in Washington, D.C.'s Willard Hotel. She was hardly a glamorous showgirl, but she was attractive, intelligent and levelheaded, and he decided that he loved her. Despite vigorous objections from her Catholic family, they were married in June 1935. While he never quite lost his reputation as a playboy, they stayed happily married until the day he died.

Baer's training for Carrera was so nonchalant as to bring down the wrath of New York Boxing Commissioner Bill Brown, who, after discovering that the challenger's sparring sessions were more like soft-shoe routines, recommended that the fight be postponed until that "bum" could be made to take it se-

continued

MAX BAER

Continued

riously. But it was held as scheduled on June 14, 1934 in the old Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, which, curiously, had been the site of three heavyweight championship bouts, all of which the titleholder lost. The giant Carnera, mob manipulated and now abandoned, would be no exception. After Baer had knocked Carnera out, Max turned to Commissioner Brown at ringside and inquired, "Well, Mr. Commissioner, what d'ya think of me now?" "You're still a bum," snarled Brown. Then he considered the implications of his remark. "And so," he added, "is Carnera." From his dressing room, amid tumult, Baer called out. "Somebody bring the new champion a beer. Now I'm going out and have some fun."

Max Baer was heavyweight champion for one day short of a year, but it is unlikely anyone got more out of the title. One of his first acts was to fight a benefit exhibition—against Stanley Poreda—for Frankie Campbell's widow and son. A \$10,600 trust fund was set up as a result of the bout, held on Feb. 15, 1935 at the Dreamland Arena in San Francisco. Baer paid all of the expenses and took no money from the gate.

His first defense of the title was to be against Braddock, a 29-year-old loser of 21 out of 80 fights who had been on relief only a few months before the championship bout and who had borrowed \$37 the previous Christmas to pay his children's milk bill. Baer was even more of a mystery than usual in training. His hands, always brittle, were more troublesome than ever, and it was said he was bothered by rumors that the Carnera mobsters had moved into Braddock's camp. Braddock won the title on June 13, 1935 at the accused Bowl in a dreary match enlivened only by Baer's comedy turns.

Despite this humiliating defeat, Max would enjoy his meager payday only three months later in Yankee Stadium against the ring's newest sensation, Joe Louis. Baer's reputation may have suffered, but a crowd of 84,831 paid \$932,944 to see Louis knock him out in four rounds. Baer's entire purse of \$200,000 was placed in annuities by Hoffman, and thus the subsequent investments provided the Baer family with a handsome income. There was no time for comedy in this brief, if profitable, encounter

Baer was decked twice in the third round, and when he went down again in the fourth, he stayed down, patiently awaiting the full count while resting on one knee. It was the act of a quitter, his critics said.

"Sure I quit," Baer replied. "He hit me 18 times while I was going down the last time. I got a family to think about, and if anybody wants to see the execution of Max Baer, he's got to pay more than \$25 for a ringside seat. I'm not going to be cutting up paper dolls. I never did like the fighting game, and this proves it."

He was only a buffoon to boxing fans from then on, although he showed flashes of his old power. As late as 1940 he dropped a right hand on the chin of Pat Comiskey, a promising young contender, that knocked him flat. Comiskey got up and Baer went after him, but when he realized the condition of his opponent, he held his hands apart and implored Referee Dempsey to stop the fight. There would be no more Frankie Campbells on his conscience. Max reached his nadir in his grotesque fight with Two-Ton Tony Galento, billed cruelly as "The Battle of the Bums." Baer dutifully cowered in the brawling fat man charged him, but he also administered a sound beating, and Galento was unable to answer the bell for the eighth round. At the conclusion, Max wrestled with a dwarf who had climbed into the ring.

He retired after his second loss to Lou Nova, on April 8, 1941, and the following year joined the Army, serving three years as a physical instructor. He was at his happiest in the years after the war, turning at last to his true love—show business. He made movies, worked as a disc jockey and radio talk-show host, refereed occasionally and, for a time, had a nightclub act with Slapsee Muxie Rosenbloom, the former light-heavyweight champion who had fashioned a successful film career playing punch-drunk fighters.

Mostly, Max stayed at home in Sacramento, where he lived near the Hoffmans, and doted on his three children—Max Jr., now, at 40, an actor (Jethro in *The Beverly Hillsbillies*) and film producer, Maude and Jim. He was, as always, generous with his time and money

Baer did not have to work, but he could not stay off the stage. Few of his films were consequential, and in the one that was, *The Harder They Fall*, a fictional version of the Carnera story, based on the Budd Schulberg novel, he portrayed a character totally unlike himself, a vicious heavyweight champion who took offense when the Carnera character, not he, was blamed for the death of the Schaaf character. *The Harder They Fall* is significant in film history as Humphrey Bogart's last movie. It was also Max Baer's.

On the morning of Nov. 21, 1959 Baer was shaving in his room at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, preparing for some TV appearances that day, when he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He cut himself on the chin with his razor blade, and, alarmed as much by the sight of blood—which he abhorred—as by the pain, he stumbled to the telephone. "I need a doctor," he whispered. "A house doctor?" inquired the switchboard operator. "No, dummy, a people doctor." When the doctor arrived, Baer insisted that he had to telephone the studio and say he would be late. Finally persuaded to lie down, he suddenly turned ashen and called out, "Oh God, here I go." He was dead of a heart attack at 9 a.m. at age 50.

Max Baer left behind a legacy of love. On his eldest son's 21st birthday, less than a year earlier, Max had written him, "If God said to me at anytime, 'Max Sr., I must take your life so your dear ones can have health and happiness,' I'd kiss you all, if possible, and willingly say, 'You can't measure my love for you.' Two weeks before his father's death, Max Jr. had written to his mother, "Sometimes I worry a lot about dad because he's still such a big kid at heart. He never really got off the farm, even though he made the top. He thinks just like a big kid and is the most gentle person in the world."

More than 1,500 people, including some of the biggest names in boxing, attended Baer's funeral at St. Mary's Cemetery in Sacramento. A few years later, Jack Dempsey, who had been a pallbearer, provided an appropriate epitaph: "There'll never be another Max Baer," he began. Then he paused and smiled in memory of so exasperating and delightful a friend. "And that's the way it should be."



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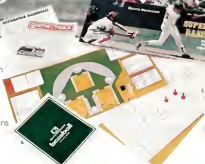


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 6-12

PRO BASKETBALL—Missouri's Tony Danvers, Houston's record 16th game, dropped to last place in the NBA Central and went 3-5 for the week, despite the heroics of Calvin Murphy, who has averaged 29.4 points in the last 20 games. Hoping for at least financial compensation from the Lakers for Miami Washington's patch that disabled Tomjanovich, Houston lost 131-84 in a double-overtime game. Attempting to compensate for the loss of injured Bill Walton and Lloyd Neal, Portland (2-2) signed free agent Willie Norwood before its 126-81 win over Milwaukee. Three nights later the Bucks (3-2) edged the Knicks in double overtime 127-125 (M-12) while the seventh double-overtime win in their first eight overtime games. A 123-109 defeat of the Pistons moved Atlanta to 11-1 one percentage point ahead of Cleveland in the fight for the first two Eastern Conference playoff spots. Beating the Blazers 114-109 three nights later, the Hawks gained sole possession of third place. San Antonio (7-1) increased its lead over second-place Washington, defeating Seattle 118-110.

BOWLING—NELSON BLITZ JR. of St. Louis defeated Jeff Manning 204-205 to win the BPA's U.S. Open championship in Greensboro, N.C.

BOXING—ROCKY MATTIOLI of Australia retained his W.B.A. light-middleweight title with a seventh-round knockout of Lolo Oka of the Bahamas in Melbourne.

FIGURE SKATING—CHARLIE TUCKER was the men's world title in Ottawa, the first American to do so since Tim Wood in '70. ANI TT FORTSEKH of Leningrad took the women's crown (page 10).

GOLF—Shooting a 18-under-par 272, TOM WINSLOP defeated a Jack Nicklaus tie to win the \$300,000 Desert Open in Miami by one stroke.

NANCY LOPEZ shot a three-under-par 283 to win the \$100,000 Sunstar Classic in Los Angeles, her second straight LPGA victory. Debbie Austin tied for second with Debbie Mashev at 286.

GYMNASTICS—KJET THOMAS of Texas Hout and NADIA TERESCHENKO of the U.S.S.R. won the American Cup competition in New York.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Islanders, playing their best hockey in the club's six-year history, extended their Patrick Division lead over the Flyers to nine points by tying Pittsburgh 3-3 and defeating Vancouver 5-2. St. Louis 6-4 and Buffalo 4-2 (page 16). The Islanders were paced by Denis Potvin who scored three goals in his last two games.

FACES IN THE CROWD

NANCY GAWOR
Basketball



A first-grade teacher at St. Elizabeth's, Gawor, 24, elected a women's basketball world record of 558 for three games (121, 205 and 132), 23 points more than the old mark. She is the first woman to roll back-to-back games of 200 or more.

JIM MURDO
Basketball



Jim, 16, set a state gymnastics record in the all-around with a score of 53.65 at the Pennsylvania high school championships. He also won the floor exercise 19.20, horizontal bar (19.50), pommel horse (18.90) and parallel bars (19.05).

RODIE JACKSON
Basketball



A 6' 4 1/2" spine guard on Roman Catholic High's basketball team, Reggie leads the Catholics in scoring (1661 points), rebounds (273) and steals (54). He has a school record 1,765 points and led the 36-2 team to the Philadelphia Catholic title.



DAN SAMANISHKO
Basketball

Dan, a senior at Catholic High, is the state's first Class AAAA wrestler to finish a three-year career undefeated (190-0). He is the 1978 state champion at 112 pounds and holds school career records for take-downs (1172) and reversals (58).

reptile championships in Milan, Italy. The previous mark of 7° 54" was held by Ecuadorian Jacobo Yachi, who also holds the outdoor record of 7° 51". NARLIES OLSSEN of East Germany established a world record in the women's 40-meter dash (7.12).

MIKE TULLY won a world indoor record of 58° 51" in the pole vault at the NCAA indoor championships in Detroit, breaking his NCAA mark by 1/16 inches (page 34).

MARSHALL—TIED JOHN GUTHRIE, 37, as Georgia's basketball coach. His five-year record was 46-36.

PIRE D by Otagawa JOHN LINCOLN, 48, as his third coach. In four years Lincoln had a 53-34 record. He was replaced by his assistant, Mike Bice.

RETIRED—Tennessee basketball Coach RAY HARRIS, 51, because of ill health. Harris, who had missed all of last season and part of the previous year because of emotional disorders, was ranked second among active major college coaches, with a 31-year record of 399-135. He also won three Southeastern Conference titles (1967, '72, '77) and the NCAA Division III championship (1968) at Westminster College.

WITHDRAWN BY FRANK (Binky) PALERMO, 71, his application for a coaching manager's license from the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. He had been cited as "unfavorable publicity." Palermo won 715 years of a 19-year sentence for attempting to extort earnings of a fighter.

DIED STEVE BLOK, 48, major league first baseman for ten years for an aneurysm, of an undiagnosed illness, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Blok, a minor league player of his original promise who once hit 56 home runs for Los Angeles of the Pacific Coast League, found the major's struggle and started with a career batting average of .249 and 10 home runs.

DIED HUCKPASSER, 15, of a heart attack, in Penn. Ky. During training the 1980 Olympic team, Huckpasser was the 1966 Horse of the Year and was the first to be crowned to earn \$1 million in his first two seasons.

CREDITS

By Drawing by GUY; by Rich Carlson; 10-James Drake; 11-Drawing by GUY; 12-Rich Carlson; 13-James Drake; 14-Drawing by GUY; 15-Rich Carlson; 16-James Drake; 17-Drawing by GUY; 18-Rich Carlson; 19-James Drake; 20-Drawing by GUY; 21-Rich Carlson; 22-James Drake; 23-Drawing by GUY; 24-Rich Carlson; 25-James Drake; 26-Drawing by GUY; 27-Rich Carlson; 28-James Drake; 29-Drawing by GUY; 30-Rich Carlson; 31-James Drake; 32-Drawing by GUY; 33-Rich Carlson; 34-James Drake; 35-Drawing by GUY; 36-Rich Carlson; 37-James Drake; 38-Drawing by GUY; 39-Rich Carlson; 40-James Drake; 41-Drawing by GUY; 42-Rich Carlson; 43-James Drake; 44-Drawing by GUY; 45-Rich Carlson; 46-James Drake; 47-Drawing by GUY; 48-Rich Carlson; 49-James Drake; 50-Drawing by GUY; 51-Rich Carlson; 52-James Drake; 53-Drawing by GUY; 54-Rich Carlson; 55-James Drake; 56-Drawing by GUY; 57-Rich Carlson; 58-James Drake; 59-Drawing by GUY; 60-Rich Carlson; 61-James Drake; 62-Drawing by GUY; 63-Rich Carlson; 64-James Drake; 65-Drawing by GUY; 66-Rich Carlson; 67-James Drake; 68-Drawing by GUY; 69-Rich Carlson; 70-James Drake; 71-Drawing by GUY; 72-Rich Carlson; 73-James Drake; 74-Drawing by GUY; 75-Rich Carlson; 76-James Drake; 77-Drawing by GUY; 78-Rich Carlson; 79-James Drake; 80-Drawing by GUY; 81-Rich Carlson; 82-James Drake; 83-Drawing by GUY; 84-Rich Carlson; 85-James Drake; 86-Drawing by GUY; 87-Rich Carlson; 88-James Drake; 89-Drawing by GUY; 90-Rich Carlson; 91-James Drake; 92-Drawing by GUY; 93-Rich Carlson; 94-James Drake; 95-Drawing by GUY; 96-Rich Carlson; 97-James Drake; 98-Drawing by GUY; 99-Rich Carlson; 100-James Drake.

JOHN FONTAS
Basketball



A forward for the University of New Hampshire hockey team, Jon, 22, scored 32 goals during a four-day, three-game span. He had 31 for the season to share the ECAC Division I lead. In four years he scored 72 goals and had 102 assists.



PATTY KURO
Swimming

Swimming in the 11-12 age group, Patty won the Southeastern title in the 50-, 100- and 200-meter freestyle and 50 and 100 butterfly. She also was a member of the Nashville Aquatic Club 200 freestyle relay team that set a national record of 3:42.6.

THE ICEMAN SPEAKETH

Sir

Congratulations to Curry Kirkpatrick for his fine article on the San Antonio Spurs and George Gervin (Iceman Cometh and Score-eth, March 6). I would especially like to thank him for the examples of pro basketball jargon that he has been giving us lately. It might be fun to have Gervin and Bernard King hit Whooooosh! Boom! Whoop! Time, Feb. 20, oppose each other in a debating contest.

DAVID GREENE
Montclair, N.J.

Sir

Whereas the Iceman's jg is double-speak, otherwise Edwin Newman be comin' at 'em. With a club in each hand. Uh-huh.

WILLIAM PERRY
Roanoke, Va.

Sir

George Gervin is a super basketball player, but his facts about the punching incident that ended his college career are all wrong. Being the recipient of that Gervin punch, I believe I am a qualified observer.

In your article, George says, "Whereas the cat bowled me, so I got up fast and he went down faster. Boom. TKO." The only accurate part of this statement is "Boom. TKO." The Roanoke College Maroons, of which I was a member, were beating the highly regarded Eastern Michigan Hurons with about seven minutes to go in the semifinals of the NCAA College Division tournament in Evansville, Ind. Gervin was having a super game (25 points), but he could not beat us by himself, and he became visibly frustrated.

I retrieved a rebound, Gervin came over my back and a foul was called on him. He punched me in the mouth, a flagrant foul was called and he was tossed out of the game. As I was walking upcourt to take my foul shots, Gervin came off the bench, cased his way through the players and hit me with an overhand right, a la Kermie Washington. I woke up five minutes later in the locker room with a black eye and swollen cheek.

Roanoke went on to win the national championship that year. I went on to have a fine college career at Roanoke and a short pro career. Gervin went on to make a mint in professional basketball.

JAY J. PICCOLA
Syracuse, N.Y.

IGWA GIRLS' GAME

Sir

Girls Win, Boys Lose (March 6) was one of the most delightful pieces I have read in a long time. I grew up in southern Indiana with "Hoosier Hysteria" in my blood, but it never

occurred to me that, beyond turning a few cartwheels or waving pom-poms, girls had anything to do with basketball. It wasn't until my family and I were living in Iowa and our daughters were in grade school there that I learned that "Hawkeye Hysteria" is just as fervent as the Hoosier brand and that the six-on-six game is just as exciting as the five-on-five variety.

Now we're living in Illinois with a ninth-grade daughter who's playing the five-on-five game in a small grade school gym across town from the big high school gym where the boys play before a "crowd" of 30 parents. I'm the biggest "feminist" in this town of 7,000, perhaps because my athletic daughter gets the leftovers. But I wonder if the feminist movement doesn't make a mistake by always assuming that equality means taking over whenever males do. Five-on-five girls' basketball will always get the leftovers, the boys have a lock on it. But no boys will ever match those Hawkeye girls in the peculiar beauty and excitement of the six-on-six game.

(THE REV. DR.) JOHN R. McFARLAND
Hoopston, Ill.

Sir

Author Douglas Bauer almost had it right. Except that the town was Montezuma, Iowa the year was 1954, the girl's name was Barbara and I couldn't make the boys' team.

TERRY MILLER
Alexandria, Va.

Sir

Thanks for the beautifully done article on Prairie City, Iowa by Douglas Bauer. He missed the boys' heyday in Prairie City, however. As a former Prairie City High School coach—football, boys' and girls' (1946-47 only) basketball and baseball—allow me to point out that in 1946-47 Prairie City girls and boys won every high school contest at home (29 of them) in football in boys' and girls' basketball and in baseball. The boys' football and basketball teams were state rated in 1946-49 and the football team was ranked the No. 1 six-man squad in Iowa in 1948.

In those days both the girls and the boys won and they are now a wonderful group of adults.

KENT H. KING
Markono, Minn.

WINNING COACHES

Sir

In his article on DePaul Coach Ray Meyer (*Renewing the Glory*, Feb. 27) Larry Kien stated that Meyer has won more games—570—than "any other active coach and more than all but six men who ever di-

agrammed a play." Coach Clarence (Big-house) Games of Winston-Salem State University has won 618 basketball games. I know George Mikas is always associated with Meyer and DePaul, but I would venture to say that today the name Earl Monroe is on more lips and minds than Mikas. Monroe is a Games and Winston-Salem product.

BOB MOONMAN
Commissioner
Central Intercollegiate
Athletic Association
Hampson, Va.

• SI's statement applied only to major-college coaches. Games is the winningest coach of the smalls.—ED

HOCKEY PUZZLE SOLUTION

Sir

I enjoyed working out *The Old Farmer's Almanac* hockey problem presented in your Feb. 13 SCORCARD, but you never supplied us with the correct solution. I certainly hope, in the interest of the sanity of those who racked their brains attempting to solve it, that you will publish the answer.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS JR.
New Orleans

• Because the puzzle was part of a 1978 *Old Farmer's Almanac* contest that remained open until March 1, the solution was unavailable until after that date. However, the *Almanac* has now offered to share the answer with SI readers, hundreds of whom were fascinated by the problem. Here it is.

THE STANDINGS

	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	Pts
Algonquins	4	2	0	1	7	1	5
Bombardiers	3	2	0	1	5	2	5
Canadiens	3	0	0	3	4	4	3
Delawares	4	1	2	1	5	10	3
Esquimaux	2	0	2	0	2	6	0

TIE SCORES

Algonquins	0	Canadiens	0
Algonquins	4	Delawares	0
Algonquins	3	Esquimaux	0
Bombardiers	1	Algonquins	0
Bombardiers	2	Canadiens	2
Bombardiers	2	Delawares	0
Canadiens	2	Delawares	2
Delawares	3	Esquimaux	2

Games between the Bombardiers and the Esquimaux, and the Canadiens and the Esquimaux, had not been played.—ED

THE GREAT GRETZKY & CO.

Sir

E. M. Swift not only made the Sault Ste. Marie Greyhounds sound like a one-man team ("Learned in All the Lore of Old Men,"

continued



Now when Captain Jasper is away from his phone, his phone knows where to reach him.

In remote Bayou Lafourche, Louisiana, you could never be sure of reaching Capt. Jasper Plaisance.

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And it can handle a lot of other sophisticated things you wouldn't expect in a Louisiana bayou. From conference calls to push-button telephones.

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The best ideas are the ideas that help people. **ITT**

Feb. 20, but he also made the whole Ontario Major Junior Hockey League sound like a one-man league. Swift says of Wayne Gretzky, "Without question, he is the most exciting Junior hockey player since [Guy] Lafleur left Quebec City in 1971." Obviously he hasn't been watching Ottawa 67's star Bobby Smith. Smith leads the OHA with 173 points, compared to Gretzky's 161, and will undoubtedly be the first player chosen in the NHL's amateur draft. After defeating Gretzky in a penalty-shot contest, Smith received a prolonged standing ovation from 7,000-plus fans in Ottawa who know that he is not only the best Junior hockey player in the world but also the most exciting. Maybe Gretzky is great, but Smith is superior.

JACK BURNETT
Kemptville, Ontario

Sir:

I am happy to see Wayne Gretzky get the recognition he so much deserves. I watched him play in the World Junior Championships, and can truly say that I've seen only a few players in all of hockey with moves like his. The way he controlled the play and took the puck up the ice and around the defense was amazing. Right now Gretzky, age 17, is in a delight for the OHA scoring championship

with 19-year-old Bob Smith, who most say will be drafted first or second this year. Gretzky has three more years of Junior hockey to play.

HUMPHREY KADANER
Côte St. Luc, Quebec

AAU RECORD SETTERS

Sir:

Perhaps the AAU fell short in its handling of the national indoor championships (*He Save Goes Like Sixty* in the 60, March 6), but SI can't be far behind. Just ask Deby LaPlante, who won the 60-yard hurdles. Two world records were set that night, and it's beyond me how you can justify putting one record holder (Houston McTeal) on the cover and giving the other, LaPlante, only an afterthought remark in *FOR THE RECORD*.

PELLE SCHLDER
Track Coach
Columbia University
New York City

SAY AGAIN?

Sir:

I don't think the spacehips will be able to find the Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium on April 7 for the Braves' home opener (SCORE-casts, March 6). They are out there looting, but you'd better have the Atlanta Radio Club

change the directions for landing. "Latitude 85 degrees 25 minutes west, longitude 33 degrees 44 minutes north" won't get them to the stadium. It'll probably keep them in outer space. Better make it longitude 85 degrees 25 minutes west, latitude 33 degrees 44 minutes north. Or better yet, make it longitude 84 degrees 25 minutes west, latitude 33 degrees 45 minutes north.

But let's not worry about a few degrees or minutes. We'd all better get our tickets in order to be on hand for the landing. Do we get refunds if the ships do not arrive?

GEORGE H. HOFFMAN
Basis, Wyo.

• The message has been corrected —4D

Sir:

The Atlanta Braves' effort to invite a UFO to their opening night is unique, but they've got something even better right under their noses. They are opening against the Dodgers. What more could they want?

DAN BIKEMORE
Chico, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

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